THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1729

this paper was purchased by Benjamin Franklin and published by him as "The Pennsylvania Gazette" until

1765

when it passed into other hands. The title was changed to "The Saturday Evening Post" on August 4,

Founded A.D. 1728

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1898

Volume 170 • • 5 cents a copy
Number 51 • • $2.50 a Year

1821

and the office of Publication was the one formerly occupied by Benjamin Franklin, in the rear of 53 Market St., Philadelphia. In the year

1897

it became the property of the present publishers

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Copyright, 1898, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

With Illustrations by B. Martin Justice

"ONE must have, of course, some chief pursuit, some great ambition," said Frank Wharton, elucidating his favorite theory to his friend, John Stevens, over a cigar. "But a mind always laboring at one thing resembles a machine with too much friction on one cog. Even if the wheel is the stoutest, it will be the first to wear out, entailing premature uselessness or, perhaps, even destruction, upon the whole mechanism."

"You mean every fellow should have a fad," said Jack, smoking contemplatively.

"Not a fad, but an avocation—something more permanent."

"Like golf or polo," suggested Jack.

"No; not like polo or golf," responded Wharton a bit impatiently. "They are games. I mean some secondary pursuit to follow at odd times; and not for a season only, but for years, perhaps for life.

"I don't deny the usefulness of rest and recreation," resumed the theorist after a puff or two; "but I've found out by experience that nothing rests like change of work. As for recreation, in the case of young men it easily glides into something worse, and I am convinced that the business or professional man who wishes to escape prostrated nerves must seek some pleasant avocation."

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As Wharton's profession was the law, and his chosen field the little West Alabama town of Oakville, where overwork was unheard of and nervous prostration an unknown phenomenon, he may seem to have theorized needlessly. But he was far-seeing as well as logical. Moreover, two clients the first three months after the display of his shingle, and the encouraging prospect of a notaryship, impelled him to hasten the practice of his pet scheme.

But what should be his avocation? Restful work must of necessity give pleasure, consequently his choice of an avocation should be decided by some personal bent. Art? He preferred the nearest window to any picture. Music? He could hardly whistle one tune. Bee-keeping? The little insects might swarm in the middle of court week; besides, he hated honey. Wood-carving? He could never whittle without cutting his fingers. In his perplexity he gazed at a green-grocer's store across the way and was straightway inspired.

"Gardening!" he exclaimed, like one who has met his fate.

He had always liked to "see things growing," but being town-bred had never had an opportunity to assist the verdant aspirations of Nature.

"Gardening it shall be," and he slapped his knee in the exuberance of satisfaction.

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Eminently logical Wharton was, yet a man of action. In a month he had installed himself in a cosy suburban cottage with an acre of ground, not forgetting, in the selection of the ground for horticultural purposes, the possibility of a wife in the choice of his house.

The daffodil that comes before the swallow dares, chooses February for its arrival at Oakville, and spring was already peeping pink-lined from the peach boughs as the young lawyer sowed his first paper of radish seeds.

"What are you planting?" inquired a rasping nasal voice from the fence that separated Wharton's demesne from that of his right-hand neighbor.

"Seed," said the startled lawyer, rising suddenly from the fresh-turned mould to spy the end of a long, sharp nose and a lock of reddish gray hair, beneath an old brown sunbonnet, protruding over the fence.

"Of course," said the sunbonnet; "I didn't suppose you were planting ice or gunpowder."

"Beg pardon, Miss——"

"I'm not a Miss. I'm Mrs. McMurtrie. I had a husband once," interrupted the sunbonnet quickly, with an indignant grunt.

"Excuse me, Mrs. McMurtrie—I'm Mr. Wharton—I'm planting radish seed."

"Then why didn't you say so at first?"

With a quick motion Mrs. McMurtrie pushed back her sunbonnet and revealed a thin face and a glaring pair of spectacles before which Wharton felt like a guilty schoolboy.

"Well, Mr. Wharton, if you'd asked my advice, I'd have said plant fruit trees and let gardening alone. You don't seem to know much about it."

"Appearances in this case are not deceptive," said Wharton in his suavest tone.

If he could not love his neighbor he would try to propitiate her.

"Yet, Mrs. McMurtrie, next to my chosen profession, the law, I love gardening above all occupations. It is the dream of my life to raise fine radishes and——"

"Radishes!" grunted Mrs. McMurtrie through her nose. "You'll have different dreams after you have swallowed them. They are very cold on the stomach. You'd better plant fruit trees."

"I'll risk the radishes. I've a good digestion," returned the lawyer, leaning on his hoe and smiling amiably. "Gardening is the healthiest of work and the primal occupation of man. Adam, our first ancestor, you know, kept a garden."

"And was driven out of it."

"For eating fruit. Got you there, Mrs. McMurtrie," said the daring Wharton, venturing a small laugh.

"Fruit of the tree of knowledge, which disproves your ancestry, Mr. Wharton."

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Wharton's laughter shriveled, and the spectacles followed up their victory with a condescending smile which made the lawyer long to throw his hoe at them, or swear, or something, but he forebore.

"Gardening in this neighborhood, Mr. Wharton, is a losing business," resumed Mrs. McMurtrie, when the lawyer was sufficiently humiliated. "Mr. Bunny, who came before you, failed at it, and you'll fail, too. The soil is infested with worms and bugs. If your vegetables come up, which I doubt, seeing you know nothing about gardening, the bugs and worms 'll eat them up, as soon as they are above ground. But, bless me, how dark it's growing. I must go in. Good-night, Mr. Wharton."

"Good-night, Mrs. McMurtrie," answered Wharton audibly. "Deuce take you!" he added under his breath.

Twenty feet from the fence the bonnet turned toward him.

"Tain't my fault that we are neighbors, Mr. Wharton, and it won't be my fault if we are enemies," and justifying tradition by having the last word, the bonnet disappeared in the house and the door was banged to.

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Wharton was truly puzzled, and meditated over his strange neighbor and their singular interview as he sat smoking that night.

"A man neither lives nor dies to himself, the preachers tell us," he soliloquized. "It's clear he can't garden to himself. . . . 'Bugs and worms'!—I didn't see one. I wonder what she meant! . . . 'Plant fruit trees'—as if bugs were not a sight more destructive to fruit than to vegetables. . . . There's 'a nigger in the wood-pile' somewhere," puffed on Wharton, quoting in his revery an old bit of Southern slang.

Here his meditation was interrupted by music. He laid down his pipe and went to the window to listen.

"By George, that's a sweet voice!" he exclaimed to himself.

The voice floated from Mrs. McMurtrie's cottage, and sang Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town to a piano accompaniment.

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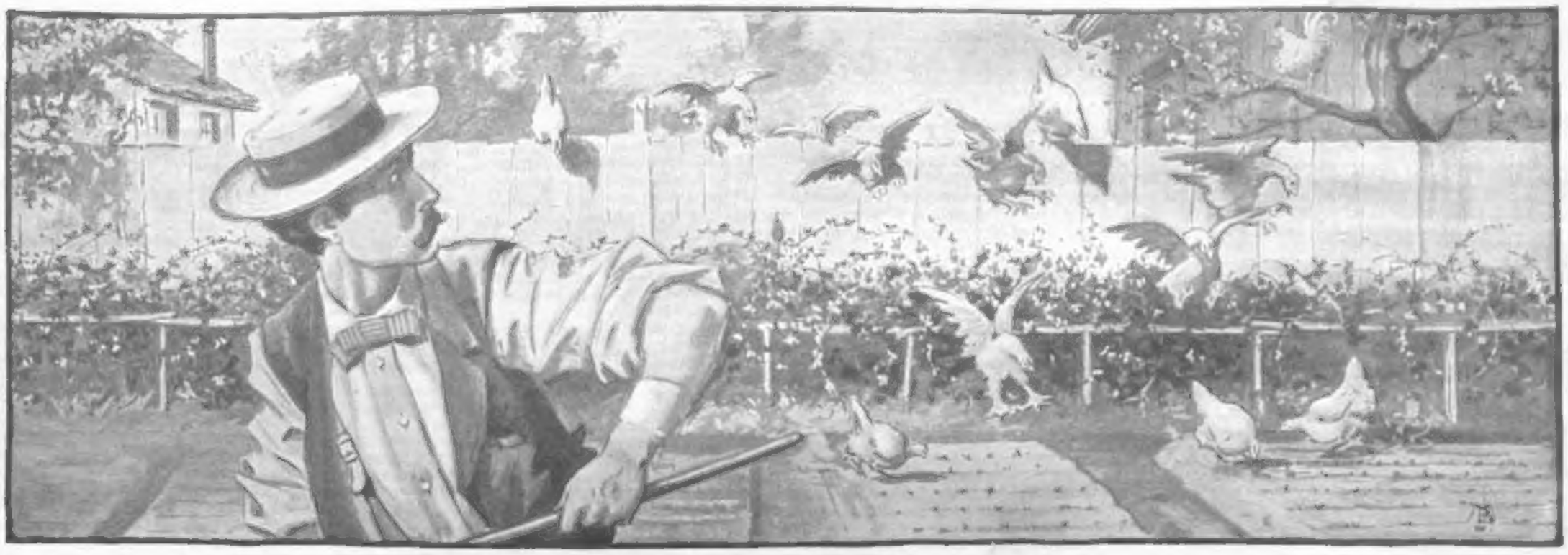
"I'll bet she's as sweet as a rose," continued the young lawyer. "Heaven knows, she ought to be. Such a thorn as Mrs. McMurtrie should sport the loveliest rose in the world, according to the law of compensation."



With the end of the song the piano closed, greatly to Wharton's regret, and the young fellow retired with the resolution to make acquaintance of the singer by fair means or foul, even if he had to dare the wrath of the old brown sunbonnet.

Wharton thought no more of his avocation that night. Nothing less poetical than red lips and roses crossed his happy sleep, and resting as he had never done before, he rose to meet the morning with a brain as clear as the dewdrops that swung on the daffodils beneath his bedroom window.

As soon as he was dressed, the fondness for his avocation had returned with full power. There was no time for seed-planting before breakfast, but it would be delightful merely to look over the ground, for the amateur gardener takes as much pleasure in laying out, in imagination, his mellow mould as a young woman does in arranging a vase of beautiful roses or other lovely flowers.

Alas! when Wharton reached the spot he beheld a sight that stirred his wrath. Along his carefully planted radish-bed were scattered eight or more leghorn fowls making the loamy soil fly with beak and toe, while a large white rooster was summoning the remainder of his flock with the most urgent calls from Mrs. McMurtrie's back-yard fence.

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The mystery of Mrs. McMurtrie's conversation was solved. Mrs. McMurtrie had an avocation also, and it was raising poultry. Wharton understood why the unfortunate Bunny had failed at gardening, and why his own failure was prophesied.

He "shooed" the fowls across the fence, smoothed over the radish-bed, and returned to the house too angry to eat his breakfast, and so had a headache all day.

This was but the beginning of his gardening troubles. Wharton had pictured the practice of his avocation as one long, sweet idyl, a vista of toothsome bunches of rosy radishes, juicy peas, scarlet tomatoes, and golden carrots. The following six weeks resembled the opening of an epic. Beds of lettuce, beets and spinach met the fate of the radishes and served as themes for animated discussion across the fence. In every argument he was woefully worsted till, mentally bruised and disheartened, he finally sought advice and consolation from Stevens.

Jack listened to Wharton's dismal story with outward sympathy and much inward enjoyment.

"Remonstrated with Mrs. McMurtrie?"

"'Remonstrated!' Well, I should say so! But it's the same tune always, with variations, 'bugs and worms.' You see, she laid her case at our first meeting. I told her her hens were devouring my seed."

"And she said?"

"She said anybody but a ninny would know that hens never ate radish seed, for radish seed was as strong as mustard seed and would burn out any hen's insides. No, she asserted, the fowls were after bugs and worms, and instead of raising a row I should be grateful to her hens for destroying them. Then she laughed, and the old white rooster flapped his wings and crowed at the top of his stentorian voice."

"Why didn't you tell her, Frank, that the bugs and worms in your ground were your bugs and worms and you didn't wish them destroyed?"

"I did; and she said that if I was such a crank as to set up a nursery for bugs and worms, she'd be happy to tell the town, and I'd never get another case at the law."

"It's not panning out as you expected, I see—your avocation," said Stevens, refilling his pipe.

"It would be really idyllic but for Mrs. McMurtrie's fowls," said Wharton stoutly. "By George, Jack, you should have seen my peas. After numerous failures, due to the same cause, I succeeded in starting two rows of the prettiest peas ever seen. In two weeks they would have been ready to stick, when Mrs. McMurtrie's fowls flew over and devoured half of them. My cook saw them at it. There was no mistake."

"Mrs. McMurtrie must have admitted your grievance in the case of the peas."

"Not she," said Wharton indignantly. "Now, Stevens, just guess what defense she put forward."

"Give it up."

"Rabbits!" exploded Wharton. "She said rabbits had eaten the peas, that the fields and hedges were full of cotton-tailed rabbits, and anybody would tell me they were extremely destructive to peas."

"You certainly have been long-suffering," said Stevens. "But the loss of your peas must have been the last straw, and you are going to sue for damages. I would."

"Well, no; you see, Jack, if——" Wharton shuffled and hesitated, "if I did that it would cause an open rupture, and I shouldn't be permitted to visit the house."

"'Open rupture—visit the house!'" Stevens dropped his favorite briarwood in astonishment. "Merciful Heavens! You don't mean to say that you visit the dragon and sip tea between skirmishes?"

"No, not exactly, but——" The young lawyer paused and actually wriggled with real nervousness.

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"Oho!" exclaimed Stevens, as he stared most unmercifully at Wharton's blushes. "I see, I see; Mrs. McMurtrie has a daughter and you are bringing a suit of another kind—practicing in the court of love on the sly. 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream!' But, I say, have you considered what a model mother-in-law Mrs. McMurtrie will make?"

"Shut up, Stevens," said the guyed lawyer; "Nellie Mosby is not Mrs. McMurtrie's daughter, but her niece, and not really her neice, for Mrs. McMurtrie is Nellie's uncle-in-law's second wife, so you see there's no blood tie. But you'd not need to be told they were no kin. Nellie's only eighteen, and by some hocus pocus Mrs. McMurtrie is her guardian with control of the girl's property till she's twenty-one. Nellie's an angel; she truly is. She sympathizes with me, and oh, Jack, you ought to hear her sing 'Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town.'"

"Well, I'd be glad to hear her sing in a mile of anywhere, and it isn't my fault that I haven't," exclaimed Jack.

Wharton then related the story of his love; how he had fallen in love with a voice at first, and how he had contrived to make acquaintance of its owner at the house of a neighbor, and had discovered that the bird was even sweeter than its song. So hard hit was he, he had dared to call at Mrs. McMurtrie's, and had persevered in his visits, though he was tolerated and not welcomed by the elder woman on account of the battles at the fence. It was the old story—ever new.

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Stevens listened attentively, and when Wharton had finished said gravely:

"If I were you, Frank, and loved the girl as hard as you say you do, I'd renounce my avocation, at least for the present. What is the worth of a few vegetables compared with the heart and hand of a pretty girl like Miss Mosby, and a hand that holds money, too?"

"Cut that, Jack! I'm in love with the girl, not her property," said Wharton earnestly. "But you don't understand; the girl thinks her aunt wrong and sides with me. She says I must not give up my garden, that she could not respect me if I had so little of the proper spirit."

The men smoked in silence for awhile.

"Rabbits, rabbits, cotton-tailed rabbits," hummed Stevens meditatively.

"By Jove, Wharton, I have it!"

"Have what?"

"A scheme by which you can rout the dragon and save your garden."

"For Heaven's sake, unfold it," exclaimed the amateur gardener.

Stevens straightway explained his plan. When the details were completed, and he awaited Wharton's applause, the latter looked up with a pleased but rather doubtful smile.

"It's a first-class bluff and nothing more."

"That's all it's meant to be."

"But will Mrs. McMurtrie be bluffed?" asked Wharton doubtfully.

"I'll bet my briarwood pipe," replied Stevens, "that she don't call it."

. . . . . .

Mrs. McMurtrie's white leghorn rooster was a sagacious fowl. Billie White—for so his owner had named her pride—might in the matter of education be termed a self-made fowl, for no efforts had been made to train him. The vigorous "shoings" of Wharton alone, accompanied by flying clods and occasional stones, soon taught him to limit his incursions to the hours of Wharton's absence. It was Billie's habit to fly up in a half-dead peach tree that leaned over the division fence—a tree that Wharton had vainly implored Mrs. McMurtrie to cut down—and, if the way was clear, Billie would summon his numerous wives for the forage in the garden. If Wharton came in view, Billie gave a peculiar cry that not only warned his destructive family, but also informed Mrs. McMurtrie that the enemy was nigh.

The day after Stevens had proposed to Wharton his scheme for the salvation of the garden and the peaceful enjoyment of his avocation, the rooster gave his signal call, which was echoed by the hens, and in half a minute Mrs. McMurtrie's spectacles appeared at her kitchen door and glared at him.

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The lawyer's singular movements, which bore no relation to gardening, evidently excited Mrs. McMurtrie's curiosity, for she immediately donned her sunbonnet and came to the fence.

"In the name of conscience, what are you doing, Mr. Wharton?" said the spectacles, after a moment of silent observation.

Wharton rose and lifted his hat.

"Ah, Mrs. McMurtrie, is that you? Beautiful day, is it not?" said the lawyer, ignoring the question and again stooping.

"The day's well enough. What are you making?"

Wharton rose again.

"I'm making a rabbit trap, Mrs. McMurtrie. I'm vastly grateful for the kind information you gave me, and I'm going to catch that beastly rabbit."

Then Wharton explained.

"You see, Mrs. McMurtrie, this beam with the heavy stone a-top, it works by a trigger, and when——"

"I know," interrupted the spectacles, with an apprehensive backward glance. "That's not a trap, it's a dead-fall. It will smash the rabbit as flat as a griddle-cake!"

"Quite true, Mrs. McMurtrie; but I'd just as lief catch him dead as alive. I'm going to set the dead-fall to-night, and when the rabbit comes in the morning this log," Wharton bent over the log, "will be suspended over the peas, and when he goes to nipping and touches this trigger, down falls the log and Brer Rabbit is translated to a better world. It's simply great, isn't it?"

Wharton looked up and found himself alone. "For once a man had the last word," he chuckled. But no; he knew not the resources of a woman. The violent closure of Mrs. McMurtrie's kitchen door was more eloquent than speech.

"Your briarwood's safe," said Wharton to Stevens two days later.

"I knew it would be," laughed Jack. "The scheme worked?"

"Like a charm," responded Wharton in particularly high feather over his triumph.

Next day the young man was not so merry. He went to see Nellie Mosby and was denied admission.

Wharton was disappointed, but not dismayed. He could see Nellie on the street. She was fond of walking, and he would way-lay her. But he did not. For two days she never left the house. Was she ill?—he wondered.

The third day Wharton weakened and removed the dead-fall, and began to hate Stevens. Still Nellie did not appear; and, strange to say, neither did the white rooster. Nellie must be ill; or perhaps Mrs. McMurtrie had locked her up. The harassing uncertainty made him miserable, and he neglected his business, for his fear of missing Nellie caused him to watch Mrs. McMurtrie's gate almost unceasingly.

In the afternoon of the fifth day the gate clicked; he saw Nellie starting for the village.

"Miss Nellie," said Wharton, overtaking her; "I was beginning to think I'd never see you." The girl averted her head with a pretty semblance of displeasure.

"Go away, sir! I'm forbidden to speak to you. We must part forever."

"Nellie!"

"What have you done with my aunt's rooster?" she asked, finally turning her head. "Billie White's been missing four days. Aunt's in bed, ill with grief, and I've had to nurse her. It hasn't been any fun, I assure you." Wharton was aghast.

"Your aunt thinks I've made way with her rooster? And you, too, suspect me!"

"I never said I suspected you. But the evidence is strong. You wished Billie was dead—you said so. But to come in the night and carry him off—oh, Mr. Wharton!"

"I never robbed a hen-roost in my life," said the indignant Wharton, "and you know it, Miss Mosby."

The girl again averted her head.

"It's very strange. The night you set that dead-fall, aunt shut Billie in a coop. The same night the coop was broken, and the thief was tracked to the fence. It showered that night, and the tracks were plain."

Wharton was horrified.

"And there are two loose palings in the fence hanging only by nails. You can see them for yourself," added the girl.

"Stuff and nonsense, Nellie! You don't think I took that vile rooster?"

"No-o-o—, not if you say you didn't."

"And you'll tell your aunt I didn't?"

"Yes; but she won't believe you. Aunt says anybody who will steal will lie."

Wharton meditated.

"And I'm not to come to the house any more after this?"

"'Come to the house!'—Why, if I'm caught speaking to you, I shall lose my next quarter's allowance."

"Will nothing make your aunt relent?" asked Wharton, looking up in despair.

"I don't know. Perhaps she might, if you proved an ali—alibi."

"That some one else took the fowl?"

"Yes; and if you restored Billie unhurt to her arms she'd give anything you asked for."

"Even her niece's hand in marriage?"

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The girl blushed, and the man looked at her adoringly and loved her more than ever.

"I know what I'll do," said Wharton; "I'll order a white leghorn from Mobile, and Mrs. McMurtrie won't know the difference."

"Aunt Sophronia not know the difference!" cried Nellie. "Why, she hatched Billie in an incubator, and raised him by hand. She knows his every feather."

When Wharton parted with his inamorata he fell into a brown study. How absurd it was that his romance should be entangled with the fate of an old white rooster! But it was the way of life, in which the absurd and the sentimental, the trivial and the important are inextricably blended. Did not the great Napoleon lose the battle of Leipsic, and blur the star of his destiny, by a fit of indigestion caused by a surfeit of cold mutton? The map of Europe changed by a sheep!

After tea the young man's frame of mind was lamentable, and he began to heap obloquy upon gardening, when it occurred to him that but for his avocation he might never have met Nellie. He was seated in the summer-house where he could watch the light in her window. The perfume of the magnolias from Mrs. McMurtrie's blended with fragrance of honeysuckles overhead to make the May night balmy. How long was his revery he did not know. His musing was at length broken by the abrupt silence of the mockingbird. The bird was hushed by voices and footsteps of some boys from a boarding-school near the town.

"Who lives here?"

The words rang clearly in the night air.

"New man named Wharton. Next place is where we hooked a rooster Saturday night."

Wharton started, and then sat rigid, tingling with interest.

"We swapped him with a negro for two fat pullets, and the negro cooked the pullets for us."

"Were they good?"

"You bet! But he swindled us. He sold that rooster to old Grimsby, the chicken breeder, for two dollars. 'Twas a pure-blooded leghorn."

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The boyish voices faded down the street.

Next day Wharton overtook Nellie a second time, and returning from the village.

"Miss Nellie, I've found the rooster."

"Oh, Mr. Wharton! Alive or dead?"

"Alive."

Then the lawyer told his sweetheart of the intercepted conversation between the two boarding-school lads, and also of an interview with Grimsby not yet narrated.

"And you've really seen Billie?" asked the girl, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes."

"When are you going to bring him to Aunt Sophronia?"

"I'm afraid I've bungled. As soon as I recognized the fowl I offered ten dollars for him and——"

"Did you offer ten dollars for a rooster?" interrupted the girl.

"Of course. 'Ten dollars!' Why, I'd go through fire and water for you, Nellie. But, practically, I admit it was a mistake, for when Grimsby saw I wanted the fowl badly he asked twice the money. Then, when I told him the bird belonged to some one I knew, and had been stolen, he thought I was trying to 'do him'; he grew angry and refused to sell at any price. Thereupon I got as mad as blazes, and was ordered from the place."

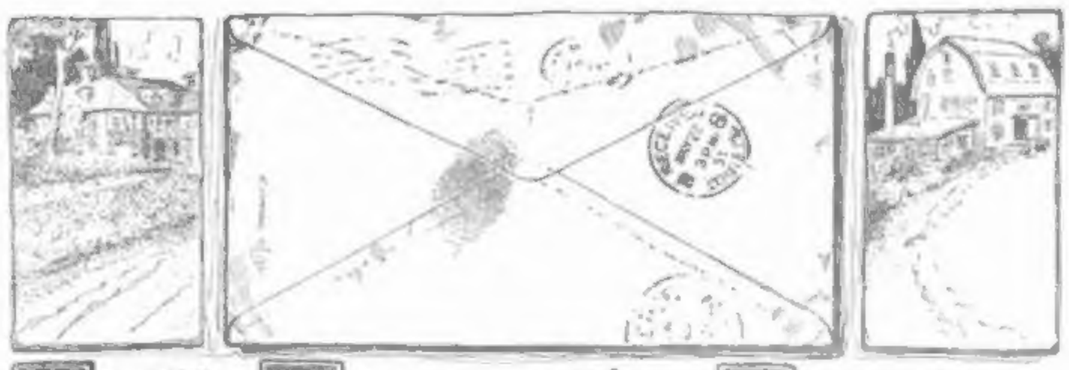
"I'M FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK TO YOU"

"HE GREW ANGRY AND REFUSED TO SELL"

• • •

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

The works of this Southern author possess a freshness, a spontaneity, that is delightful. Born among the picturesque hills of Alabama, it has been Mr. Peck's great pleasure to sing of Southern nature, of the pine hills, the cotton-fields, the cypress swamps. He received his early education in Alabama, and later obtained the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Alabama. Afterward he pursued the study of medicine at Bellevue Medical College, New York City; but he renounced it after taking the degree of M. D., and entered upon a literary life, which he found more to his taste. His poems have always been marked by rare melody. While the majority of modern writers of verse chatter, he sings. He is a thrush among magpies. Two years ago Mr. Peck turned his attention to fiction, and has since written a number of short stories of Southern life. All of his work is marked by refreshing wholesomeness.



THE MILLER'S THUMB.

— BY OCTAVE THANET —

In Two Parts: Part II

"You did make a muss of it, didn't you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Wharton.

It was growing dark, and they approached Mrs. McMurtrie's gate.

The girl entered and leaned over in deep thought. Then, looking up, she said:

"I know what you will do with your tiresome law. You'll garnishee, or foreclose, or file a bill on Grimsby, and then it will get in chancery, and we'll both be gray-headed, and Billie dead of old age, before it's all ended. Oh, I know what I'd do if I wasn't a girl."

"What would you do?" said Wharton.

"Why, I'd go to Grimsby's to-night at twelve o'clock and bring Billie home."

"Well, I'll not do it."

"Because you are afraid," said the girl quickly. "You're afraid of the dog, or that Grimsby may shoot you; and yet you said you'd go through fire and water for me."

"So I would; but I won't turn thief and rob a hen-roost," exclaimed Wharton.

"'Turn thief! Rob a hen-roost!'" the girl returned, her eyes flashing through the dark. "Is it robbery to restore my aunt's property you caused to be stolen? No; it isn't that. You don't care for me."

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She paused to catch her breath, and looked as if she would speak again, but she thought better of it, and her little boot-heels went clicking angrily up the brick walk to the house. The next moment the door closed and Wharton was left alone with the stars.

Wharton was no coward, and when he said that he would go through fire and water for Nellie he meant it. But rob a hen-roost and so make himself ridiculous—never! Moreover, he shrewdly suspected that the young woman wished to test the extent of her power over him. If he resisted her, and attained the desired result in another way, she would love him just as well, and more.

After cudgeling his brain all night the following note was the outcome at morning, and he dispatched it by a little pickaninny.

"*Dear Mrs. McMurtrie:* I have succeeded in tracing the valuable leghorn of which you were robbed last Saturday night. After passing through several hands it is now in the hands of a poultry fancier. The man refuses to surrender him to me, or the bird would now be restored to you. If you will consent to accompany me and identify the fowl, I do not think there will be any trouble in obtaining your own.

"Shall I call for you at eleven A. M.?

"Respectfully yours,

"FRANK WHARTON."

The reply was speedy and terse.

"MR. WHARTON:

"*Dear Sir*—Come at eleven.

"Very truly,

"SEPHRONIA MCMURTRIE."

The expedition to Grimsby and its result may be, perhaps, best given in the words of Wharton to Stevens next day. In filling in the hiatus since their last meeting, the young lawyer came to the drive.

"Mrs. McMurtrie sat up in the carriage like a pair of red steelyards draped in black. If she was awe-inspiring in plain spectacles and a brown sunbonnet, picture her, Jack, in gold-rimmed pince-nez and a poke! She didn't speak for a quarter of a mile, then said she to me suddenly, 'Who is this receiver of stolen property?'

"'Excuse me,' said I; 'I fear my brief note conveyed an erroneous impression. Mr. Grimsby bought the fowl of a negro.'

"'Bought it of a negro, did he?—and at night, I presume. You haven't helped matters, Mr. Wharton,' and she glared."

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"Was there anything of a scrap at Grimsby's?" asked Stevens.

"Lord bless you, no! Grimsby went down before her like a man of straw. She identified the fowl by a bit of red yarn tied under the neck feathers. Grimsby tried to apologize and explain, but she cut him short and stalked off with the rooster."

There was silence for a few moments.

"Surely, that isn't all," said Stevens.

"Well—yes; we did patch up matters on the way back," admitted Wharton sheepishly. Then, picking up courage, he said, "Perhaps it's throwing bouquets at myself to say it, but I think I displayed tact."

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. I tried to look pleasant, and waited for Mrs. McMurtrie to open the ball. For a while she sat smoothing the rooster's feathers, and the operation seemed to soothe her. Finally she looked up and said:

"'I may have done wrong, Mr. Wharton, in harboring an unjust suspicion.'

"'Don't mention it, I beg of you,' said I. 'I realize, Mrs. McMurtrie, that my conduct has been most irritating.'

"'Quite true, and when you built that dead-fall for the rabbit without considering Billie's curiosity——'

"'Ah, Mrs. McMurtrie,' laughed I, very genially, 'that was merely a bluff.'

"'A what?'

"'A bluff—a sham—the log in falling would have caught on a brick. It couldn't have crushed an egg!'"

"So you buried the hatchet," said Stevens.

"Out of sight."

"How about the avocation?"

"Would you believe it, Jack, Mrs. McMurtrie proposed that we divide the expense of a wire-netting above the fence! I told her I'd be proud to pay the whole."

"And Nellie?"

"We are to be married in October."

During the next two days Theron was like a man in a sleep. He became aware of the course of the public suspicion; but it only added an irritating pin-prick to the pain and fear that were tearing his soul. While he had been watching the grinding, a boy had handed him a note from the Colonel. "Money traced. Am going to see about it before I come home." Only two sentences, but enough to take the pith out of Theron's knees. Then came the news of the inspector's and sheriff's coming, and Theron trembled. "Now, I am a nerveless, bewildered, cowardly cur," he groaned between his teeth. "I will know what is the truth, and I'll save her, if I have to run away and be chased for it myself. I really will."

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He turned, in a glow of determination, to go, but the mare had made the best of his abstraction. She had pulled her bridle free of the tree, and was grazing, unfettered, at a little distance. At the sound of Theron's voice, she reared her head and gave him a glance of wicked intelligence.

"Nannie!" called Theron, in tones of silken wooing, "Nannie, girl! Here, girl!"

Nannie tossed her mane, cut a frolicsome caper with her heels, and then she galloped off home as fast as she could.

There remained nothing for her master to do but wait for the Colonel. "If he comes this way, as he said, it will be all right," said Theron, "but if he changes his mind and takes the other ford——"

The impetus of this disagreeable idea sent Theron up a tree, from which, over a rank tangle of low undergrowth and swamp, he could survey the other ford, two miles lower down. And there, ambling along beside a buggy, rode the Colonel. Theron knew the slight figure of the inspector, Platt, and the sheriff's broad shoulders and gray horse.

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While Theron gazed, his wits congealing at the sight, the buggy turned off into a side road, and the Colonel jogged on alone.

"I may catch him yet, before they join him again," thought Theron, "and find out what they have done, and let him see the danger." He slipped down the tree and ran along the road to a cross-cut, a mere bridle-path, by which he might intercept the Colonel before he came out, just in front of his own home. At college he had been a marvelous runner. He was out of trim now, and he felt it in ten minutes, but he kept on, gradually increasing his pace. The blood pumped a roar in his ears. The Colonel must have increased his speed, for he was only a speck in the distance, almost at his own gate. Theron shut his teeth and ran on to the village, to the Colonel's house.

A miserable object, ready to drop with fatigue, he was hailed by the inspector: "Say, what's up?"

The Colonel, the inspector and Lee sat on the veranda. They were all smiling, but Lee was alarmed at his purple face.

Theron sat down, physically unable to walk. He tried to invent some pretext out of his plight to get the Colonel off alone with him. "Horse ran off, and I ran after her," he answered. Then he had to stop to catch his breath. And, while he paused, the inspector said, "Oh, your horse is all right; I saw her in your yard. And I've some good news for you; we've got the thief!"

"No!" faltered Theron in great dread.

"Yes, sir," said the inspector, "and I must make my compliments to the Colonel, and to Miss Rhett, too"—he bowed in Lee's direction—"on a mighty pretty piece of detective work—mighty fine work."

"You'll have to explain," said Theron.

The Colonel rubbed his hands, and the inspector asked him to explain.

"It was this way," said the Colonel. "We differed a little about the way to go to work, you remember—when the books came, you understand; so I thought I wouldn't trouble you with my theories."

Theron, who was wiping his damp face, fast growing pale, nodded; he remembered.

"I used to talk things over with Lee, and that was all. You suggested our sending a letter to the different post-offices, and having them, when money was registered, take down the numbers and banks of the bills. The post-offices 'round here, being in stores, generally can see the money without trouble, and we handle most of the money sent out. Well, we got pretty excited over these robberies. Mr. Dale"—here he beamed on Theron, who sat dazed, mopping his brow—"Mr. Dale had his notion of finding the thief. He was for watching the mail-rider and watching the clerks; and finally he took to sleeping at the store, on the sly"—again a radiant smile at Theron—"and don't you reckon the fool folks about here saw him sneaking over there in the dark, and Lord knows what notions they had, but they came to me." The Colonel laughed, but Lee flushed. "He had reason to suspect me," Theron thought, "and it never entered his honest, trusting head!"

"Yes, sir," continued the Colonel, after a refreshing gulp from a tumbler that looked like a mint bed, "yes, sir, we went to work different ways. I was on to The's game, but he wasn't on to the old man's; and I 'lowed I would give him a surprise—show him they don't keep all the smartness locked up down East. Well, Lee and I went over the books. We narrowed the business down until we were pretty sure that it was done here, and done right in our store. Then we put the dogs in to see if the thief was a stranger or somebody they knew. I had made out a list of the people who lost money, and I had made out a list of the fellers round here mean enough to do such a trick, and a mighty small list it was, with one man at the head and the same man at the foot."

"Yes," said the inspector, "name of—"

"Pyram Gode, a fellow that had bought whisky of a poor devil and then informed on him—a mean, trillin' feller, five miles down the river, living alone and liable to take a boat and scud up here at night. Pyram was in the store the day we lost the key. There's another point against him. Well, I put the key business in your hands, and I kept a lookout for the money, and so did you, but nothing definite turned up until, the day after we had those dogs at the store, Pyram comes in and asks for change for a ten-dollar bill—wants to send five dollars to a firm in St. Louis. So I went to the safe and had the clerk bring him out two five-dollar bills, first having him jot down the money. I didn't do it, because my hands were all greasy, coming over from the mill, where I had been fixing the engine. But then a sudden thought struck me. I took the bills in my smeared hand and gave them to Gode.

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"I saw him put the top one—which had my thumb-mark on it, plain—into his envelope. But, instead of giving me the envelope directly, he put it in his pocket while he asked if the robberies were over, and then, seeming reassured, he took it out and handed it to me. I took it; and I took it in such a way that my thumb went right over the flap, and there was a seal, as it were, in machine oil. You see I had a notion. Do you know what gave me the notion? That ten-dollar bill Gode gave us was one of the stolen bills. Found the number when I was looking at the list to put in the numbers of the fives. And before I went home to Lee, I did something else. I wrote to the firm that Gode's letter was addressed to, and asked them, explaining why, to please open their letter so as not to disturb the flap, and to kindly send back the envelope to me if the money was gone. And then I took the other two registered letters that we were sending that day and put my miller's seal on their flaps, and wrote the same kind of a note to their consignees. They were both from Lee, and contained money for little articles of dry goods she was purchasing. Daughter, a little more of the julep, please; and give Theron another cup; I see he can't make head or tail out of this story yet.

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"Well," the Colonel continued, evidently enjoying his own periods—"well, I told Lee what I had done. I says, says I, if that rascal is the thief, what he is after now is to show that the robberies went on, regardless of the dogs, so he has posted a letter supposed to contain money, but really not containing a cent. That's why he put the bill in, and that's why he put the letter into his pocket. If you read those books, they put you on to all such little games." He had another letter, just the same as the first, but without any bill in it! And he substituted that for the letter that had the bill inside of it. My theory was to mark the envelope, so that if it was opened it would show it; and if it was not opened, then it would show that he had deliberately posted an empty letter, if it was as I suspected. I marked Lee's letters, to see if they would be tampered with, which I didn't think, for I was plumb sure the dogs would give Pyram a job if he tried to come in. I told all this to Lee, after Theron, who spent the evening, had gone home. Lee wasn't so sure that the envelope couldn't be opened, and she suggested that we take a little alcohol lamp, and go down to the store, and take out her letters and steam them a bit, to see whether the impression would be disturbed and the flap not fit."

"Excuse me!" cried Theron. He had knocked over his mint-julep glass.

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"We did just that very thing," said the Colonel—"stole by night, as if we had been the thief himself, and, as Lee suggested, tried to repeat his performance exactly, as far as her letters were concerned; and we discovered that I was right, and that the envelope couldn't be fitted back exactly—at least, without an immense amount of time and trouble. And, being out prospecting, we examined the windows, and found one with a broken catch, that looked all right, but had, no doubt, been used for his entrances; though, I confess, our Southern windows aren't, any of them, burglar-proof. Then

LEE STEAMING THE ENVELOPE

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the plot thickened. Gode had the idiocy to spend at this store the very five-dollar bill with my mark on it; yes, sir! Then he got word from St. Louis, and complained, and brought the letter from the St. Louis folks—oh, he had it all fixed slick; and that's what caught him, for the envelope came back to me untouched. There it is"—handing a sealed envelope to Theron, who took it mechanically and staggered as he returned to his seat. "Mr. Platt, here, about the same time found the locksmiths who made a key for a man whose appearance corresponded with Pyram's; and we got track of the money, and the sheriff is interviewing Mr. Pyram Gode. And what do you say to it all, my son? What say you?"

He laid a big brown hand on Theron's shoulder and the inspector laughed furiously.

Theron managed to get on his feet again.

"I say," said he, "that Sherlock Holmes isn't a patch on you, sir, as a detective, and that I am the most contemptible chump I know in all the world?"

He excused himself presently to go home and make himself presentable for a little late supper that he insisted on giving, and there was a jolly evening of it; but Nannie was the most astonished horse in Arkansas, for her master flung his arms about her, and kissed her, and cried like a baby, while such broken exclamations as these were sobbed into her marveling ears: "Oh, you blessed brute! Oh, what a narrow squeak! Oh, what an angel she is! Oh, what a fool I am! Oh, thank the Lord! Such an ass as I was didn't deserve to be saved!"

Nevertheless, he was; and he has been so grateful ever since that the Colonel's wistful smile seldom has occasion to appear.

LOIS was a dreamer.

Hour after hour, while the other children were at play, she would sit with her fingers folded tight together above her white pinafore, her great eyes staring into vacancy—dreaming.

When she told her dreams, people laughed at her; she was assured that the voices she heard were sounds made by crickets in the corner or by mice in the rafters; that the visions which came to her at night were only the white window-shades flapping in the night wind, and she was bidden to take her sampler or lend a hand at washing dishes or go out and play with the other children, instead of moping about the house.

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No one meant to be unkind, but it is a hard world for dreamers. Nevertheless, Lois was not unhappy. The world most real to her was untouched by carping criticism, and in this rose-colored dreamland she lived content and found compensation for all the harshness of outward circumstances.

Yet Lois was not indifferent to these. She would have liked to be rich, not that she might wear fine dresses or eat rich food, but that she might avoid the rudeness and crudeness which was unavoidable in the early New England life even for the well-to-do. She longed to live in a world where all vulgar detail of existence was held at a distance, a land "where it was always afternoon." That she could not was a cross to Lois; there was another which bore still more heavily. She yearned to be beautiful. Hers was a beauty-loving nature. A sunset, a bend of the river overhung with white birches, a group of red-brown cattle browsing in the sun-dappled meadow, had power to hold her entranced in a kind of rapture. To such a nature, even without the vanity natural to girlhood, it was a source of unhappiness that she should strike a discordant note in the harmony of Nature.

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She looked into the mirror on the sloping side of her gable-room—the mirror which reflected a pale little freckled face with near-sighted eyes and straw-colored hair strained back from it, after the early New England idea of toilet, which held that beauty lies with our Maker, but tidiness with ourselves, and that becomingness must always be second to utility, and as she looked she sighed with disappointment.

"Yes," she whispered, "I am very, very plain, and it is horrid to be plain, but——" Further than this her sentence never advanced, even in a whisper.

What Lois most feared was ridicule. Her soul quivered under it. Sensitive, she was also secretive. To no human being, therefore, had she ever revealed the mystery of that "but" which ended the sigh over her lack of beauty. She would have died before she could have been drawn on to tell it. The thought was this, "But I could be beautiful if I chose." Of all the visions which floated before those near-sighted eyes, one remained clearer than all else.

It seemed to Lois that she remembered distinctly lying as a baby in the old cradle, and she had a strange consciousness of being both that warm, round, tender, mindless little thing, and a spirit hanging over it. Through the spirit she seemed to have beheld a presence, impalpable but distinctly perceptible, enter through the chamber door and bend over the cradle. The words breathed forth by the Presence were as fresh in Lois' ear as the breakfast-call. They were these: "Not for thee riches; not for thee fame; not for thee a dower of beauty." Then, as the baby face contracted with an instant's pain, the Presence seemed to repent and murmured: "Is thy lot too harsh, my little one? Then take this boon, if it be a boon: for one hour thou shalt be supreme in beauty, and this hour shall lie within thine own command. Let it come to thee in the heights of joy, or in the depths of woe, as thou wilt; but look for no second triumph!" Then the baby face lost its troubled frown.

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With this the Presence wrapped itself once more with its mantle of mist and disappeared. Lois had a dim impression of hearing the nurse say: "See, the fog has lifted and the sun is out once more;" at this point the vision always faded, and straining nerves could not recall it. Lois was wise in confiding in no one. What but scoff and jeers could have awaited such a tale?

Indeed, she would have been lucky to escape punishment, for her parents were of the old Puritan stock, and would have thought it far better to chastise their child on earth than to have her depart eternally into that outer darkness assigned to whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

Yet, perhaps, even these "unco' guid" folk would have hesitated to shake Lois' poor little illusion could they have rightly estimated the comfort it gave her.

An old proverb has it that it is easy to walk when one has his horse by the bridle. So Lois found herself comparatively at ease under all the family jests, which were neither few nor veiled, because she was proudly conscious that by a wish, by the turn of a thought, she could put the jesters to shame and set them gaping with amazement and admiration—but afterward—that was the reflection which always made her pause. To descend from such an eminence (to Lois' limited vision it seemed an eminence to be the belle of her little world), to descend from this dizzy height to be a nobody again—no, no; she could not brook the thought. Better, far better, to plod along unnoticed, or even noticed with pity sustained by the happy consciousness of power.

The inward peace which this secret sense wrought in Lois' heart reflected into her face a something—not beauty, certainly, but a serenity and cheerfulness which lent a charm of their own, and won Lois many a friend, and, as she grew older, more than one lover.

At length there came to the village a stranger from a far-away city. His advent made a sensation in the tiny town. The beaus scoffed at him, but secretly modeled themselves upon him. The girls put on their prettiest dresses and their sweetest smiles for his benefit. Little jealousies arose over his attentions. In public the maidens talked at him, and in private they talked of him, and spent much time in the vain attempt to decide which of them had been most distinguished by his regard.

Lois listened from her corner and smiled to herself. "I will see him," she thought, "and then—if he is all they say—why—it may be that the hour is at hand. This may be my hour to be beautiful."

Now, it chanced that Lois sang in the church choir. The singers' seats were at the back of the church, and, undisturbed by her besetting self-consciousness, the girl could pour out her heart without fear.

One Sunday morning Lois sang the solo:

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn."

The stranger, sitting below, caught the strains, and they seemed to him to fall from the lips of an exquisitely lovely angel.

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In the second hymn, the congregation, according to the fashion of the day, turned to face the singers. For the first time Lois saw the stranger and knew that he, too, had fixed his eyes upon her. Through her heart thrilled the impulse to compel his attention, to conquer, to captivate, to subjugate. Her mind was divided into three distinct strata of consciousness. The first took note of the words on the hymn-book page and guided the notes of her voice; the one below this superficial sense dallied with the temptation to test her power now in this soul-compelling moment, big with fate; but below this again, deepest of all, spoke that remorseless reason, New England's heritage to its children, asking in mocking tones, "How about to-morrow—when the victory becomes a rout and the yoke is broken, and the captive wonders that such chains could ever have bound him? Besides, would you dare to accept a love which had its foundation in an irreparable deceit?"

The fateful instant passed. The stranger's eyes swept along the line of the singers with cool indifference. If Lois was distinguished by a moment's glance, it was because her face stood out in rather painful contrast to the soft curls, dark eyes and rosy cheeks on either side.

Yet the stranger had noted her closely enough to say to himself when next they met in the village society, "Ah, yes; this is the plain little girl with the angelic voice." But as picnic, sociable and quilting-bee threw him more often into her company, the impression of her plainness grew less and less, while her wistfulness, her quaint humor and a certain indefinite charm moved him more than he had ever been moved in all of his eventful life before.

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So much, indeed, was he moved that one day, quite humbly and reverently, he asked her to be his wife. Trembling with happiness, Lois looked at the gift of love so strangely fallen into her life. She scarcely dared to lift it to her heart, lest it should vanish, as so many visions had vanished before.

One day she said to her lover: "Did you ever see a woman as plain as I am?" Her lover looked straight into her eyes and answered, "No."

Lois gasped a little; the truth takes one's breath away; she shivered and thought she stood on the brink of a great resolve. "Would you love me better if I were beautiful?" she asked.

"Dear, I could not," he said.

"Ah," murmured Lois, "the time is not yet come."

Her wedding was a festival in the village. Every one loved Lois, but those who loved her best whispered among themselves, "If only she could be pretty—just for to-day!"

Lois had indeed said the same thing to herself, and had finally resolved that on this occasion she would shine out to dazzle and to delight; to put pity to confusion, and to justify her lover's choice, at which she knew her little world had been filled with wonder. But so strange is the inconsistency of the human heart, that now, when the supreme moment was come, she still vacillated—should she stake all upon one hour, and that one already filled to the brim with blessedness? Should she not rather retain this drop of consolation for some dark season, when life was going against her? Then, too, what if this power invoked should fail—would not even this day be overclouded a little by the thought that what had seemed so real to her was but a delusion, and that these figures—yes, even the tall husband by her side—might prove likewise but shadows, and fade from her grasp and leave her desolate?

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Lois did not thus peep and pry into her own emotions, but something stronger than herself held her in its grasp, and she was conscious only of the gayly dressed company, of a heavy scent of summer and its blossoms in the room, of a monotone of prayer, of the warm kisses of congratulation, and parting hand-clasps—and then the wedding was over, and she and her husband were alone together in the jolting coach, while four stout horses were bearing them away—away to that strange city where her new home lay. Far distant it seemed from the quiet village, and though it was but a staid, thriving, somewhat overgrown town, it appeared to Lois a veritable Vanity Fair, a whirl of feverish excitement. Sometimes she would fain have taken refuge from the shock of new experiences in the warm shelter of the commonplace, so dear because so familiar. The rattling of the carts over the stones stunned her at first, the locking of the doors at night gave her the feeling of being a prisoner, and at times she felt benumbed by the chilly indifference with which her neighbors passed her in the street.

Her husband's home-coming always brought comfort, but much of the time he was away, and the "impracticable hours" hung heavy on the young wife's hands and heart. She could no longer lose herself in the occupation which in old days had whiled away the weary hours. She had lost the power of dreaming. Contact with the bustle of town life had developed the practical side of her nature, and the living, warm human passion which had touched her had driven away the misty spirits who had kept her childhood company. It was with something between a smile and tear that she thought now of those early dreams. With gentle irony of commiseration she recalled her agony of regret over the freckles, the straight, soapy hair and the impossible nose. They were all there still, with a few wrinkles added, but they seemed of such infinitely little importance amid the sterner realities of life!

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It was hard for Lois, in looking back, to take it in—yet how real the youthful grief had been, and how real, too, the consolation conjured up by imagination! Yet, stay. Was it imagination? There were hours even now when the vision seemed as vivid as ever, and she was more than half minded to try its mystic power. But still she held back, like a child who puts its toy upon a shelf out of reach, and climbs and peeps, yet hesitates to pull it down into the commonplace, every-day world. Besides, time had brought her little children, and as it was for them chiefly that she cared, she would rather wait a little that they might remember her at her best. When they were grown, in some fashion, in jest or earnest, she would surely invoke the boon of the Presence. They should see her, once, as she could be—beautiful as the Presence had promised that she should be; then they would remember her so.

Swept on by the tide of time, she passed almost unwittingly from youth to middle life, from middle life to age. The passing of time is a landslide which we fail to appreciate because all around moves with us. Lois' husband prospered. The old village homestead became the summer home of the younger generation. There Lois spent many sunny hours, and there, at last, in the room in which she was born, she died.

She was surrounded by those she loved best. Her children gathered close about her bedside. Every eye was fixed upon the dying face. As for her, her last look was turned to her husband, and her dying voice breathed the words, "Now; let it be now!"

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Ninth Chapter

"YOU certainly are having bad luck, Lee," said Chester, as they walked up Broadway. "I don't think such a thing would make me lose much sleep, but I know how important it is to a beginner."

"I feel like a tramp," replied Wilmot bitterly. "I gave up my profession at home, and, on the hope of my book attracting attention, came up here for a new life. I know it's an accident when a book is accepted. I might try half a lifetime and never get it taken again. The fact that Wellington & Clegg liked it would have no weight with any other house, for if they'd had better judgment they wouldn't have failed."

"We'll talk to Harrison," returned Chester. "He is a veteran; he's had half a dozen books published, and will know what can be done."

They found the poet and essayist in his little sitting-room at the head of the stairs. He had just brewed and drunk a cup of tea, and was sitting in the bay-window smoking a cigarette.

"Come in," he cried out hospitably, as he recognized Chester in the corridor. "I'm glad indeed to meet you, Mr. Lee," he added to Wilmot. "I know who you are through the papers and the enthusiasm of your friends, now I want to know you personally. Have you had tea?"

"At Dorothea's," answered Chester.

"Ah, I thought you were not going there any more!" cried Harrison. "But I knew you would when I heard Weyland say he and Miss Aline were going. It is a shame, Chester. Miss Weyland doesn't care for that kind of crowd, and Weyland oughtn't to take her with him."

"But Dorothea and Lady Stuart want their portraits painted, and Dorothea wrote, too plainly to be misunderstood, that she wanted him to bring his daughter," answered Chester, with a slight frown of annoyance.

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Harrison threw his cigarette away, and began to roll another.

"It's a shame!" he repeated hotly. "A thousand years of that sort of thing would not affect her, but it is no place for her. You did right, however, to go, Chester, and I am glad you took your friend."

"Mr. Lee and I want to have a business talk with you," said Chester abruptly. "We promised Miss Weyland that we'd wait in the studio, and that we'd take you up there with us."

Harrison left his unfinished cigarette on the centre-table.

"I'll just take off my smoking-jacket and follow," he said eagerly. "When do you expect them back?"

"In a few minutes."

Wilmot had never been in a well-arranged studio before, and had he felt less depressed he would have enjoyed the beautiful long room with its sloping roof of frosted glass, its massive Japanese screens of carved wood, rare tapestries, paintings, statues, luxurious lounges, and the profusion of curios gathered from all parts of the world. The windows were plate glass, crystal-clear, and the view stretched over the housetops to the Hudson.

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Scarcely a word was spoken between the two friends as they waited in the studio for Harrison. Wilmot fancied that Chester's face had worn a frown since the mention of Miss Weyland by Harrison a few minutes before. Chester had picked up a tray of cigars, and mechanically offering them to Wilmot, took one himself.

"Thanks," said Wilmot, replacing his cigar in the tray. "I won't smoke here."

"Oh, she doesn't mind," said Chester quickly; "she begs us to do it."

"I don't feel quite in the mood for it, thank you."

The next moment Frank Harrison came in, panting from his climb up the stairs. He was in evening dress, and, unlike some men, looked handsome and thoroughly at home in this severely correct garb. Wilmot had heard that he was something of an aristocrat.

"Have a dinner engagement," the newcomer explained, as he threw himself on a lounge and began to feel in his pocket for his cigarette paper.

"Well," he said, "let's get the business matter over before Miss Weyland comes."

"She's interested in it, also," replied Chester coldly. "It's about Lee's novel, of which I told you."

"Yes, yes, I remember," as Harrison's glance went to Wilmot's face, "and I'm looking forward to its appearance."

"But it was accepted by Wellington & Clegg," added Chester.

"Thunder! You don't say so!" Harrison sat up erect.

"We have just heard of the failure," went on Chester. "It's an awful disappointment, for this is Lee's first book. It was to be a sort of starter; it would have introduced him, you know."

"That is very unfortunate!" answered Harrison, his tone betraying most genuine sympathy.

"I thought you might give us a suggestion," went on Chester; "you know the publishing field as well as any one."

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"I have just been reading about the failure in The Progress," replied Harrison. "The house was besieged this afternoon by authors clamoring for their manuscripts, and it appears that they can't recover them. But if Mr. Lee will pardon what I say, it seems to me that, in the case of a first book, a new writer would be about as well off with his manuscript in the temporary possession of a bankrupt firm as to have it on hand to hawk about till it is worn to shreds. You know, Chester, how hard it is to get a hearing, and how apt publishers are to think that new men can't possibly do anything. There's some rumor about Wellington & Clegg being allowed to resume business; in case they do, Mr. Lee's book would stand a chance of being published by them, so I hardly know what to advise. If he takes it from them, he might not easily find another publisher, and if he leaves it with them it may be brought out. He must take his choice."

"Well," replied Wilmot, "I shall go down to-morrow and try to see the firm."

"And do not give up till you know nothing can be done," put in Chester. "In the end it may turn out that the failure was the best thing that could have happened." He bent forward to look through the open door into the corridor.

Miss Weyland and her father were coming.

After Wilmot was introduced to the artist, who received him very cordially, Harrison and Weyland began to talk of the latter's work, and went into an adjoining room to look at the portrait the artist was finishing. Seeing Chester and Miss Weyland in close conversation, Wilmot turned into a bay-window without being noticed by them.

What Harrison had said in regard to his book had not lessened his depression. The actions of Chester and Miss Weyland convinced him that they were lovers, and this discovery brought Muriel to his mind. He felt the blood rise hotly to his face as he remembered confessing to her that he was going to New York with scarcely a hundred dollars in his possession. She had delicately hinted that she could advance a small sum of money to him, and he had only escaped a direct offer by assuring her that as soon as his book was published he would be able to dispose of sufficient literary work to sustain him. She would now read of the failure in the papers and realize his condition. This thought stung him to the quick.

"Where is Lee?" he heard Chester ask.

"They are looking at the portrait," answered Miss Weyland, with a deep sigh. "Oh, dear, I hope you won't feel so any more! I am so unhappy over it! You ought to be more hopeful. Please try to be!"

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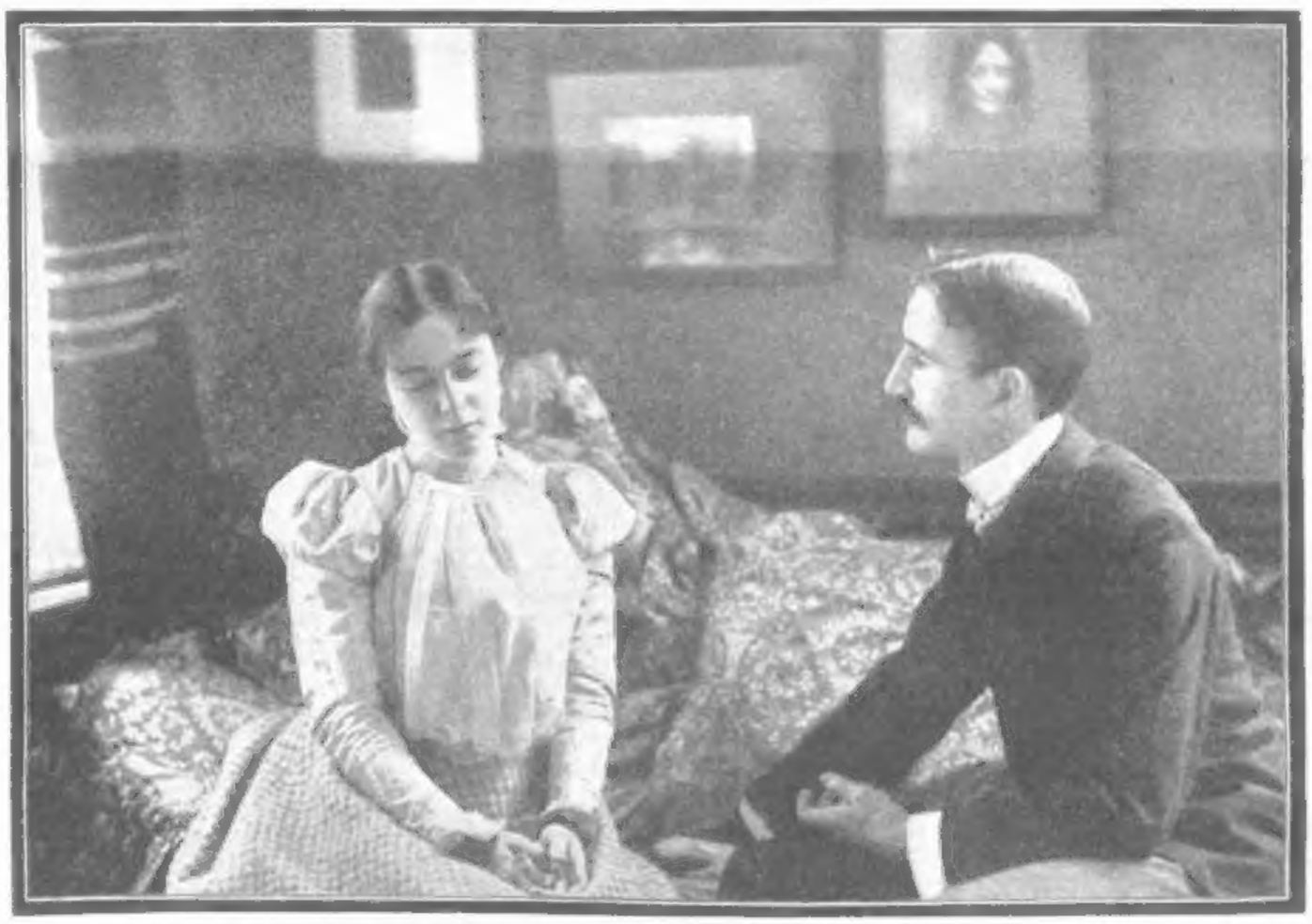
"I cannot help——" began Chester, but Wilmot came quickly from the window.

"You have a fine view from this window, Miss Weyland," he said. "This must be an ideal residence, up here above the clouds."

"How prettily you put it," she said, a little flurried note in her voice. "You're seeing it at its best; often the clouds are of smoke, and they rise to our level and stay with us. Mr. Chester tells me we are to have you to dinner with us at our favorite café down town. We'll try to make you forget your recent disappointment."

"Thank you. You must really excuse me this time," answered Wilmot. "I do not feel very well, and I have several important matters to attend to at once."

But when he went to his room, half an hour later, he found that he had nothing to attend to except to write to Muriel. This he did in as hopeful a strain as possible. After the letter was ended, he lowered his head to his folded arms to think. Then his troubled thoughts became confused, and he fell asleep.



"'THEY ARE LOOKING AT THE PORTRAIT,' ANSWERED MISS WEYLAND"

He was awakened at ten o'clock by Chester and Miss Weyland returning from the café. A few minutes later Chester came slowly back from the studio and entered his room. Wilmot looked from one of his windows. There was a yellow glare over Union Square, and further on gleamed the lights on the tower of Madison Square Garden.

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Tenth Chapter

THE next morning as Wilmot was going out he met Frank Harrison on the stairs.

"I suppose you still intend to see Wellington & Clegg," he remarked very cordially.

"If I can gain admittance," replied Wilmot doubtfully.

"You may fail in that," said the poet, "but, in any case, I want you to drop into the editorial rooms of my publishers, King & Burton. I've written this note of introduction to my friend, Lester. Even if they can't help you in this matter, it won't do you any harm to know them. They've brought out my books, and they are fine people."

"You are very kind," said Wilmot, taking the note; "I'll be only too glad to call on them as soon as I can."

Half an hour later he was at the entrance of the building occupied by Wellington & Clegg. The door was closed, and a man in the dress of a laborer was rapping for admittance.

"They have cut the bell-wire," he remarked to Wilmot with a smile, and he gave the door several sharp blows with his heavy fist.

"I want to see the firm," said Wilmot; "can you tell me how to get at them?"

"I'm helpin' about the stock-takin' under the deputy sheriff—doin' liftin' and truckin'," replied the man. "Mr. Wellington was in the office ten minutes ago. Mr. Clegg's down sick at home in Brooklyn. I hear somebody comin' now; you can go in with me if you want. It'll be your only chance."

The door was opened by a boy.

"Got to walk up," he said to the laborer; "they told me to stop the elevator."

The man grumbled as he began to mount the long stairs. Wilmot followed more deliberately.

Behind a counter framed with glass stood Mr. Wellington. He was slender, middle-aged, with iron-gray hair, and he looked nervous and tired. The boy opened the gate, and Wilmot went in and introduced himself to him.

"Yes, yes, I remember the story," said Wellington in the tone of a man who is endeavoring to be courteous under trying circumstances. "The last letter I had from you was from the South. By Jove, you got here in a hurry! Bad news travels fast, and so do those who receive it."

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"I was already in New York, but did not hear of your trouble till yesterday." Wilmot spoke gently. The aspect of the man, with his rumpled hair and blood-shot eyes, aroused his pity, and almost caused him to forget his own misfortune.

"Well, you certainly acted more decently than the others. I believe they'd have torn me limb from limb if they could have got at me yesterday. I wish I could help you—I know that's what you came for—but I'm helpless as a child. The whole business is in the hands of the deputy sheriff, and nothing I could say would have any weight. If it were not for this trouble, Mr. Lee, I'd ask you to lunch with me and talk over The Story of a Modern Saint. I don't read all our books, but our best reader talked so enthusiastically about the careful treatment of your book, and its dramatic force, that I took the manuscript home with me. My wife read it first, and kept me awake telling me about the plot till after two o'clock one night, and then I devoured the story. It is a good thing, and, if I'm not mistaken, you have produced a winner."

Wilmot thanked him. "I hoped," he added, "that I might get the manuscript and offer it elsewhere at once."

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"That's what they all want, you know," frowned Wellington, and his tone grew cold. "But I can do nothing. The manuscripts are all locked in the safe, and the deputy has the combination. Our affairs are very much complicated. We have a branch house in Chicago, and an establishment in New Haven, and nothing can be touched until a settlement is made."

"And it would be some time before I could get possession of the manuscript?"

"Three or four months, if at all," said Wellington. "Newsdealers and booksellers all over the country owe us, and all those accounts must be settled. You see, we hold your contract to allow us the right to publish the story, and there was no stipulation as to the date of publication."

"But if your house fails, and alters its name, or style of business, I have a right to withdraw my manuscript, since it was with Wellington & Clegg that I made the contract." Wilmot spoke with spirit.

The publisher smiled good-naturedly.

"That would be a question for the court to decide, and you could not reach such a decision without a good deal of expense, nor before we know positively if we shall be in shape to use it ourselves—in case we are allowed to continue business."

"I understand," answered Wilmot, "and I'm sorry I disturbed you so unnecessarily."

Wellington's wan face took on a faint suggestion of interest.

"You're certainly a good-natured fellow," he said, "and I promise you, if I see any way to aid you in the matter, I'll do it."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Woman Who Trusted, Mr. Harben's serial story of literary life in New York, was begun in No. 48 of the POST.

Wilmot lost no time in going to the office of King & Burton, and sending in to them Harrison's note to Lester. Lester came out in a few moments.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lee," he said. "Harrison writes me that you want to see us in regard to your literary work. I am now rushing some business for our journal, The Literary Day, but if you'll come in I'll introduce you to our manager, Mr. Soul. He's in his office now"—pointing to the rooms on the right. "Just wait here until I see if he is disengaged."

In a moment Lester returned. "Come in," he said, opening the door leading to the editorial rooms; "he's a nice, approachable man, and you'll like him."

In another minute Wilmot was telling his predicament to Mr. Soul.

"You certainly have been unfortunate," commented the latter, "and had you been here at the time I'm sure you would have shown the manuscript to some other house before you let them have it. I wish I could help you. I'm very much interested in what you have told me, and, while I'm not in the position to make any promises about our bringing the book out—not having seen it—yet I hope you'll give us the opportunity to see the story if you get hold of it again. Perhaps you have a copy of it."

"I regret to say I have not."

Mr. Soul picked up his pen and drew a pad of paper towards him, and Wilmot knew the conversation was at an end. He rose.

"I know I'm taking up your time," he said. "I trust you'll pardon me."

"I've just remembered that I failed to answer a letter that ought to have left New York last night," explained Mr. Soul apologetically, and he extended his hand. "I am not in a position to help you in any way unless I could have the opinion of our readers on your story. If you get hold of it we'll be glad to examine it."

Wilmot went down into the crowded street. The sun was beating hotly upon the pavements, and the roar and bustle of the great thoroughfare jarred on him unpleasantly. An elevated train thundered along overhead, throwing its moving shadow on the walls of the buildings. He thought of the unfinished short story on his table and turned homeward.

He was not sure he could write a line, with that awful fear of poverty hanging over him, but he intended to try. He would try, too, to keep his mind off the novel upon which he had based so many hopes. But this was hard to do; it seemed as if a vital part of him was held in bondage by Wellington & Clegg, and was suffering like himself. This great disappointment of his book not being published, the sorrow he had borne before leaving home at his failure to sell his story, his absence from Muriel, all combined, seemed more than he could bear. He felt crushed and heartsick—as if his trouble had reached his soul and weighted it down.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW FAME FOUND AMANDA

By CATHERINE N. RUSSELL

AMANDA GRATH lived three miles from anybody and anywhere, far up in the country, in a neat little cottage set back from the road, and hidden from the gaze of the few passers-by by a group of lilac bushes.

Here she had stagnated during all the eighty years of her life; first with her parents, who, in their old age, had exacted her constant care, then with a rheumatic and complaining brother; and for the last two years she had lived alone, except for the occasional companionship of William Derry, a youth whom she provided with food and lodging in exchange for his somewhat unskilled labor in her vegetable garden and flower-bed. Amanda's thrifty father had put aside enough money to enable his daughter to live comfortably, though simply, and the possession of a cow and a few hens gave the old lady an independence which, in the eyes of her admiring neighbors, was quite equal to that of a millionaire.

At eighty Amanda was scarcely more than a child in knowledge and experience. Her heart was as fresh and untainted as her mind was simple and unsophisticated, and her physical activity would have been remarkable in one ten years her junior. She had two sensitive spots in her childlike soul. She regarded illness as something to be ashamed of, and the acknowledgment of old age she held to be a disgrace. Woe to the friend who alluded to Amanda's vigor as in any way remarkable for her time of life, or who inquired too earnestly into the state of her health! Her other weakness was the natural outcome of a life lived in loneliness and isolation—the desire to know something outside of her immediate acre, and to have her own existence recognized in less local circles than those of the nearest village. But this yearning never had been gratified, and her enforced loneliness seemed likely to continue all her life. William Derry, the companion of her solitude—one might almost say the contributor to it—was not loquacious.

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One spring day Amanda was standing at her gate, looking down the dusty road and thinking vaguely of the world which lay so far outside her horizon, when she heard the whirr of an approaching bicycle, a sound which had become familiar even in her remote surroundings. Looking up she saw a girl dismounting. The young bicyclist approached Amanda, and, after saying "Good-morning," asked her how far it was to the nearest village.

Amanda was so delighted at the chance of exchanging a few words with a new person, that her voice took on a tremor of pleasant excitement. "It's three mile, an' you look half dead," she said pityingly. "Do come in and have some hot cookies, and some of Buttercup's nice, fresh milk."

The young lady's heart was won instantly by Amanda's cordial hospitality. "I think I'll accept," she said promptly. "To tell the truth, I haven't ridden a bicycle very long, and the roads about here are so enticing and beautiful that I have gone as far as I can. I must leave my bicycle somewhere, and hire some one to drive me home. Humiliating, isn't it?" She smiled sweetly, showing her pretty white teeth in a way that Amanda thought delightful.

"Say, are you a little girl or a grown-up woman?" asked Amanda suddenly. "It's hard to tell in them skirts. Why, the other day I see what I took to be a child walkin' up the hill and pushin' one o' them wheels beside her, an' thinks I, 'I'll keep the best o' the ro'd myself,' but when I come up to her, if 'twarn't an old lady with gray hair! So 'twas for me to make way for her," she added hastily.

The girl laughed. "I'm twenty-five. Old enough to know better than to ride as far as I can and forget that I have the whole way to go home again."

"I tell you what," said Amanda, "Will's out weedin' in the patch. He kind o' works 'round here when he ain't got nothin' else to do, an' he can run down to the village, just as well as not, an' have a team up here in an hour, so you can drive home an' leave your bicycle here to call for some other time."

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"That will be fine," declared the young lady; "and Will can ride my bicycle to the village, if he knows how, and save himself the dusty walk."

When this plan was unfolded to the lonely weeder behind the house, a reluctant smile of pleasure appeared on his impassive face, in spite of his efforts to look unmoved.

"But you don't know how to ride one o' them things, do you, Will?" queried the old lady in a high, anxious voice.

"Yep," he responded laconically, endeavoring to adapt his uncouth limbs to the feminine proportions of the young lady's bicycle.

"Tell the man at the stable that I shall want him to drive me to Brookford," the young lady said. "I don't know just how far it is—we have only lately moved there—but he will know the way probably; and once there it will be easy to find Doctor Weston's house. He is my father," she added to Amanda.

"Lor', child, you've rode ten mile an' odd," exclaimed the old lady, who belonged to the past sufficiently to be impressed by this new way of girdling the earth.

William departed abruptly, and the two went into the cottage. Amanda brought from the kitchen a glass of creamy milk and a plate of delicious cookies which Miss Weston munched with great satisfaction, talking to Amanda meanwhile.

"Aren't you pretty lonely here sometimes?" she asked, trying to encourage the old lady to talk about herself.

"Yes, I be lonely a good deal," said Amanda quietly. "Of course I've always ben used to havin' somebody to take care of, first father an' mother, an' then brother Matthew; an' now I'm all alone. Will, he don't count. He ain't always here, an' he ain't much better 'n a wooden dummy when he is here. Folks from the village come out once 'n a while, but I ain't got any frequent visitors. As for neighbors, they're as scarce as hen's teeth out this way. Here I've lived for eighty years an' odd, never goin' further off than the village, or once in a great while to one o' the near towns, as a treat. Why, I don't s'pose there's a soul outside o' Grayton that knows there's sech a person as Amanda Grath in the world! I dunno whether it's foolish in me to feel so, but sometimes I get thinkin' 'bout how nobody knows anythin' 'bout me, an' it seems a'most wrong, someways. Not that I'm anythin' to be proud of, at best, but when I'm readin' the paper, an' I see that Miss Somebody has done this and Miss Somebody-else has gone there, I do feel that if I could jest see my name in print an' know that other folks see it too, I'd jest die of satisfaction. Of course, when I'm taken, my name 'll be in the paper same as other folks', but I guess I won't take much comfort out o' it then."

Amanda paused a moment and looked hard at her guest, as if deliberating whether or not she would make her the recipient of a confidence. Then she got up and closed the door, looked furtively out of the window to see if eavesdroppers were about, and drew her chair closer to Miss Weston's.

"I s'pose you'll think it's awful silly," she said, "an' I ain't never told anybody else how near I come to doin' it, but as long as I didn't, I guess I don't mind your knowin' 'bout it."

"What did you do? What didn't you do?" asked Miss Weston, rather confused by Amanda's preliminary to confession. She looked much interested, and her sympathetic expression helped to unseal Amanda's lips.

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"Well, I'd ben thinkin' a long time of what an out-o'-the-world sort o' life I've ben livin' here, an' one night—'bout a year ago, I guess 'twas—I was a-readin' a Boston paper Will had brought in, an' I see the picture of a lady in it that had ben cured of all kinds o' dreadful diseases by takin' some sort o' patent medicine stuff. You may have seen sech things advertised."

Miss Weston nodded assent encouragingly.

"Well, this lady had her name an' address all printed out, an' she looked real nat'ral an' lifelike, settin' there in her spec's an' linen collar, jest as if she'd never had anythin' the matter with her. So thinks I—all of a flash—I'll go down to the village an' set for my picture, an' send one to the paper, too, an' then all the folks 'll see it all over the country, an' people will be askin' each other if they've seen Amanda Grath's portrait, an' they'll all think she must be quite a celebrated character to be in a big city paper. The idee jest tickled me to death, an' one day, without sayin' nothin' to nobody, I jest went down to Sam Peters' gallery an' had my pictures took. Here they be," and Amanda went over to a table, opened the drawer, and from its hidden recesses produced an envelope containing six lifelike representations of herself. As she said to Miss Weston, "Every stitch in the buttonholes showed." Every wrinkle in the kindly old face was revealed also, and every hair on the proudly carried head could be numbered.

"Well," she continued, sitting down again and resuming the same confidential tone, "when I got 'em home I couldn't seem to make up my mind to send one to the gentleman that sells the medicine, 'cause it come to me all of a sudden't I hadn't never took any o' his compound, an' that 'twarn't owin' to him 't I'd kep' my health all these years. I ain't never had a day's sickness in my life, 's far's I can recollect; nothin' but little bothersome colds such as everybody's subject to in the winter time, an' I warn't goin' to give anybody else credit for what's owin' the Almighty, so I jest laid away these pictures, an' had all the expense for nothin'."

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"They are very good," Miss Weston pronounced emphatically. "I hope you will give me one to remind me of your kindness and hospitality. May I take one?"

Amanda smiled all over. "Lor', yes, my dear!" she exclaimed, "an' you'll consider this conversation confidential, won't you?"

"I will, indeed," said Miss Weston heartily. "I think you were much wiser not to say that you had been cured of those horrid diseases you never had. But I am wondering if there isn't some other way in which you could get to know and be known without sending your picture to the papers."

"I have it!" she cried presently; "why don't you put out a sign, inviting bicyclists to come in and buy some of your cookies and fresh milk? They get half starved sometimes, and this is such a good road I am sure a great many must pass by every day. They would all have a great deal to tell you about other towns and villages, and I know they would be charmed with your cool little parlor."

Amanda sat silent a moment, letting the pleasing suggestion trickle into her mind.

"Well, I dunno but that's a good idee," she said at last. "I'd give a good deal jest to have somebody to speak to some days. But I dunno as I'd care to sell my cookies an' milk. I'd be real glad to give 'em away—unless there'd be hundreds o' people, an' then I guess Buttercup couldn't keep 'em supplied."

She paused, and in a vision she saw innumerable cyclists of every age and sex—and those ageless and sexless ones who so bewildered her simple mind—all congregated in her parlor, and she herself stepping among them, clad in her Sunday best, exchanging gossip with those from other towns, as she ministered to her unknown guests. It was a pleasing revery, and the anticipation alone would make the next few days pass quickly and happily.

Miss Weston, seeing that she had dropped a fruitful seed, wisely dismissed the subject, and begged her hostess to introduce her to Buttercup and the hens.

So the time passed quickly until William returned, breathless, on the bicycle, followed by a rickety conveyance, with squeaking wheels, to convey the wanderer home.

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As Miss Weston shook hands with Amanda she thanked her again for her hospitality, and promised to drive over with her sister some day during the coming week, when she would ride her bicycle home. "You'd better learn to ride it," she called out as she drove away. "It's very easy; and you may use it as much as you choose. I shall expect to find you out bicycling when I return!" She laughed, and waved her hand.

Amanda stood for some minutes looking after her, a great plan unfolding itself in her busy brain. Hot and cold shivers chased each other down her spinal column at the magnitude of her idea.

"Will," she said suddenly, "as soon as it begins to get dark this evenin' I want you should take that bicycle out on the ro'd in front o' the house. I'm goin' to learn to ride, an' you're goin' to teach me."

For once there was cause for William's speechlessness, but Amanda was too preoccupied to notice it as she went into the house.

For six days, night and morning, a curious sight presented itself to the view of Amanda Grath's small stockyard. Buttercup mooed reproachfully at the sight of her once dignified mistress, dressed in a print gown cut off midway between knee and ankle, held on to her iron steed by the stolid William, who, if he felt surprise, did not express it. Of course, after the first few trials she became very lame, and felt, as she confided to Buttercup, "as if her bones had been pulled out of their sockets and left to get back as best they could." But she was marvelously strong and agile for one of her years, and after the tenth lesson she rode alone for more than a hundred yards. The glow of triumph shone from her eyes and burned in her wrinkled cheeks. "I shall—ride into—the—village—to-morrow," she panted, as she half ran and half limped into the house.

Amanda hardly slept that night for thinking of the next day's exploit. She rose stiff and tired, but even more determined.

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"Now, Will," she said, after breakfast; "you're to come with me an' help part o' the way, an' part o' the way I'll walk. But when I get near the village you're to wait for me near the clump o' white oak trees, an' I'll jest ride to the store alone."

This program was followed exactly. Amanda was encouraged to find that the bicycle seemed less "wobbly" than the day before, and she felt no alarm, but only a thrill of conscious pride, as she secreted William behind the oak trees and herself rode smartly up the village street, between the tall elms that had seen her in her youth, as she had seen them in theirs. The few loungers she met stopped and stared. Some children laughed and jeered at the strange old figure of a past generation adapting itself to the vagaries of the new. But she rode on, regardless of the attention she was attracting, almost unconscious of it. With tense muscles and set features she proceeded, although somewhat waveringly, to the village store. There she dismounted, leaned her bicycle against the fence, and entered, facing most of the population of Grayton, who were wont to collect at the store at this hour.

A murmur of admiration deepened into a hum of applause, and Amanda's heart swelled within her. She was being hailed as a heroine, recognized as a Personage.

"Why, Miss Grath," cried a chorus of voices, "whenever did you learn to ride a bicycle?"

"Well," panted Amanda, all breathless with exertion and excitement, "I dunno as I can be said to have learned it yet, but I'm improvin'. It's one Miss Weston, from over to Brookford, left at my house for a week, an' she told me I'd better learn to ride it, an' I didn't see no reason why I shouldn't. I'd

like a spool o' white cotton, number seventy, an' a paper o' pins, please, Miss Fisher."

She did not wish to have people unduly surprised at her being able to learn to ride a bicycle, and tried to treat the whole affair rather as a matter of course.

"Won't you set a spell an' let me fetch you a fan, an' somethin' to eat, or a coolin' drink o' rosberry shrub?" queried the kindly storekeeper. But Amanda stoically turned her back on such luxuries.

"Lor', no, thank you kindly, Miss Fisher. I don't require no sustenance. I ain't ben no great distance, an' I think I'll be goin' home now. Come an' see me some time when you're up my way."

The people jostled each other in their eagerness to see her departure.

"Ain't it awful hard to mount?" asked one of the curious spectators.

"Well, I guess I can't be said to mount so much as to get on," replied Amanda dryly, leading her steed forward to a level with the lower step, her thin calico gown becoming somewhat entangled in the spokes.

"It makes me kind o' nervous to have all o' you folks stan'in' there an' watchin' as if you hadn't never seen a bicycle afore," she called out. Her excitement made her voice querulous. "I don't see as there's anythin' so very wonderful 'bout me havin' learned to ride. 'Most everybody rides now."

"But there ain't many 'at learns after they're eighty years old," spoke out an audacious voice, with intent to flatter.

The hot blood rushed into Amanda's wrinkled cheeks—red danger-signals of temper that were displayed only on rare occasions.

"I'd like to know what difference it makes whether I'm eighty or eighteen," she returned quickly. "I'm jest as spry as I ever was. An' by-the-way, Mr. Johnson," she said in a voice loud and clear, addressing the innocent offender, "if you ever need any more o' that liniment I lent you for your rheumatics, you can have it jest as well as not. I don't ever have any use for seech things. It used to belong to my brother. He set a heap o' store by it; an' I know that you an' Mis' Johnson are both kind o' feeble, so don't hesitate a single minute to ask for some of it."

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Mr. Johnson's well-meant remark about her age had put new life into Amanda Grath, and was a much-needed spur to her flagging strength. She sprang on to her bicycle seat with the agility of a girl, and rode off, calling back, "I don't like this seat very well, but if I ever get a machine o' my own, I shall have a good saddle."

The group on the steps watched her out of sight in awe-struck silence.

"Wal, I'll be blowed!" said Mr. Johnson, at last giving voice to public sentiment.

As soon as Amanda was at a safe distance she dismounted and sat by the roadside in a state of complete exhaustion.

"It'll take me some time to get home," she gasped; "but 'twas a reg'lar miracle how I was able to get on an' ride off with all them folks gawpin' at me. And the impertinence of that Sam Johnson! I guess I give him back as good as I got," and she chuckled with delight at the recollection of her rheumatic repartee.

It did take Amanda some time to get home, and considerable assistance from William proved necessary. But it was not until afternoon, when he was at a safe distance from the house and not likely to be a witness of her humiliation, that Amanda ventured to lie down on the hard and slippery couch in her little parlor to rest her aching limbs.

The next day she was herself again, but disinclined for violent athletic exercise. She took her sewing out to the little front porch and was sitting there, living over again in imagination her triumph of the day before, when she heard the sound of approaching wheels, which finally stopped at her gate. She peeped through the lilac bushes to investigate the cause of so unusual an occurrence. There was a pony-cart with two young ladies, and one of them, Miss Weston, had just jumped out, holding a large square package in her hand. She wore the same short skirt of the week before, and came running up the path as Amanda went limping down it.

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"Well, well, Miss Weston," cried the old lady excitedly. "I've learned to ride the bicycle, an' I rode it into the village yesterday, an' all the folks saw me, an' I'm real obliged to you for lendin' it to me."

Miss Weston could not believe her ears, and made Amanda sit down and give her a detailed account of the whole affair. Even William came to the fore, and, by grunts rather than words, authenticated the old lady's recital of her brilliant exploit.

After hearing all the particulars of the expedition, Miss Weston led Amanda down the little gravel path and introduced her sister. Then she asked William to help her lift out a mysterious box of bottles that was in the bottom of the vehicle.

"All of us at home are very fond of ginger ale," Miss Weston said. "It's the most refreshing thing in the world, after bicycling, so I thought it would be nice if you would take this box. We really have more than we can use in a year; and you could give it to the people that stop here. You haven't forgotten our plan, I hope? And I had this little sign painted. I thought you might have it put up on the fence where it could be seen from the road."

Miss Weston hereupon opened the square package, and disclosed a neat, white board, with these words inscribed thereon, in distinct but not ornate lettering, in black paint:

Miss Amanda Grath
will be glad to provide
simple refreshment for bicyclists.
All are welcome to rest here.

Amanda's face beamed with delight. The sight of her name printed so that all who ran—or bicycled—might read, was a sudden leap into the sort of fame which she desired.

"It's jest splendid!" she exclaimed. "I declare, I can't never do enough for you, Miss Weston, for your kindness in thinkin' out this plan, an' gettin' me all this ginger ale, an' orderin' this pretty sign to be painted. But do you s'pose I must have a license to sell the wine to my customers?"

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A mental picture arose before Miss Weston of Amanda Grath's innocent, wrinkled face and erect old figure standing behind a counter serving ginger ale under the sign, "Licensed Victualler." The thought made her smile, but she hastily said, "Oh, no, Miss Grath; ginger ale doesn't need a license, and I advise you to have a table and two or three chairs out here under the trees. Then, when people stop you can sit out here and talk with them, and get them cookies and milk, or ginger ale, or lemonade, and you'll have lots to hear about. You won't be half so lonely as you are now. I shall come over in a week or so to see how you get on, and whenever I come I shall make you give me all I want, free of charge. Now wouldn't you like to let my sister taste the nice cookies I have told her about?"

Amanda hurried to the kitchen, radiant with delight, and almost immediately came out with a plateful not long out of the oven. Miss Weston's sister was hardly less attractive than Miss Weston herself, and seemed to enjoy everything immensely. The three lingered under the trees, talking together, until the two girls agreed they must go.

"I shall come over often when I have learned to take longer rides," called out Amanda's special Miss Weston, as she wheeled her bicycle out to the road. "I shall tell all my friends how you learned to ride, and they will come out here to see you, and you must be nice to them, and tell Buttercup her milk must be half cream."

"I can't never thank you enough," Amanda kept reiterating, her eyes beaming, her voice gentle with gratitude.

"You have thanked me a great deal too much already," said her guest, shaking her head, "and I think you'll like this much better than being cured by patent medicines."

Both laughed, and the girl rode away.

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Before night William had nailed the little sign to the fence, and the next morning Amanda arranged a table and some chairs under the trees, and sat with her sewing at the window where she could see any customers—or guests, as she preferred to call them to herself. Three came during the day; one woman, and, later, two shy boys. The woman was very friendly, and told Amanda how much she ought to charge for the refreshments, though she could scarcely persuade her to take a cent until, after hearing of her hostess' aptitude for cycling, she hinted that Amanda might save her earnings to buy a bicycle. This suggestion was not intended as seriously as it was taken, but it succeeded in inducing Amanda to sell, instead of give away, her wares.

The rest of the week passed quietly and happily for Amanda. When Saturday evening came she sat under the trees in her rocking-chair, enjoying a revery of past and future days. In the idealizing light of retrospection she thought of her parents, and imagined their gladness and sympathy could they have known of the happiness and hope that had come to their child, now that she was beginning to lead an independent life of her own, at eighty.

As she sat dreaming, William handed her the Grayton Gazette, the weekly publication of her native town. He also gave her a Boston newspaper that had come through the mail addressed to her name. With trembling fingers she tore off the wrapper.

Suddenly she gave a little cry of mingled astonishment and delight. There, on the second page, she saw her own face looking out at her, really impressive and lifelike. Underneath the picture was her name:

"MISS AMANDA GRATH

"An old lady in Grayton, Vermont, who, at eighty years of age, learned to ride the bicycle."

Amanda gasped as one does under a sudden shower-bath of cold water. Dazed and bewildered, but overpoweringly happy, she turned to the Grayton Gazette. There again she was confronted with her own likeness, and under it was printed the following:

"MISS AMANDA GRATH.

"One of the oldest residents of Grayton, electrified the inhabitants by riding into the town on a bicycle last Thursday. She is over eighty years old, and has succeeded in mastering the intricacies of the wheel with something less than a week's practice. It is understood that Miss Grath is so much in sympathy with this modern means of locomotion that she has opened a small and select restaurant in her cottage, three miles from town, where she serves temperance drinks and simple fare to fellow-bicyclists. All Miss Grath's friends join in wishing success to her venture, and desire to express, through the columns of the Gazette, their admiration of her perseverance and skill in learning to ride a bicycle at an age when most people have put aside all interest in outdoor sports. But Miss Grath is not eighty years old; she is eighty years young. We wish her many happy years of bicycling."

Amanda gave a sigh of perfect satisfaction. Every wish was now realized. "Eighty years young!" What could be more gracefully, more fittingly, said? She now could be unblushingly proud of her age and of her youth. Every one for miles around would see her picture and read about her prowess. A glow of pride and triumph was warm at her heart, but gratitude to Miss Weston was stronger than all other emotions.

"It's all owin' to her, the hull thing," she said to herself. She read the notice over three times, fairly bridling with pleasure. Finally she folded the papers carefully, and closed her eyes, the better to realize her greatness. In her childlike heart there was no bitterness at the thought of the long years of weary waiting for fame and Fortune's smile; nothing but thankfulness that she was basking in its warmth at present. The last thought that flitted through her happy, tired brain before she fell asleep in the warm twilight was one of pity for the poor lady in the "specs" who could gain public recognition only by being cured of disease.

THE LITTLE CIRCUS RIDER

CIRCUS day had arrived. After weeks of advertising, the great Forepaugh show was in town. The citizens of —— and vicinity had turned out in large numbers, and the huge pavilion was packed from top to bottom. Little Irena, the child bareback rider, pictures of whom had for days decorated the walls and windows, was going to appear, and the vast audience was in a high state of excitement. The clowns were in despair; in vain they exerted themselves: the jokes fell flat. The principal riders and gymnasts were at their best, but their acts brought but slight recognition from the audience. Little Irena was the attraction they had come to see.

At last the ring-master announces her, the drums roll out a grand triumphant entry, the curtains separating the dressing-tent from the great pavilion are pulled aside, and with one bound a huge black horse, bearing upon his back a tiny figure in white, springs into the arena. As the star of the evening appears, a wave of applause mingles with murmurs of admiration. The rare, spiritual beauty of the child, for she is not above ten years of age, takes all hearts by storm.

As the horse hears the applause his eyes sparkle wickedly and he rears slightly, but is quickly brought down by the whip of his small mistress. "Selim is in one of his tantrums to-night," whispers the clown to the ring-master. "Yes; God forbid that anything should happen," the latter returns. Twirling and throwing kisses from her tiny hand, the little artist dashes around the ring. The ordinary acts, jumping banners and darting through hoops, are gone through with, and now comes the grand closing act of his performance, the escape of a Circassian girl from her Turkish captors. Lying close to the horse's back the child urges him to a swift gallop. As she passes the second time around the ring, from the dressing-tent dashes a rider, habited as an Oriental. He beholds the flying figure, and, with a yell of triumph, he sweeps in swift pursuit. Then begins the apparent race for life and liberty. With visions of the slave life that awaits her, the supposed fugitive urges on her animal. With the instinct of rare dramatic talent the child enters heartily into the play. Her sweet face grows pale, her eyes take on a hunted, yet determined expression; with whip and caress she encourages the flying steed to even greater speed.

Faster and faster around the ring sweep pursuer and pursued. Slowly but surely the Turk gains upon the child. Now comes the climax. Glancing over her shoulder the supposed Circassian beholds the near-approach of the would-be captor. With the recklessness of a last chance she rises to a standing position, and drawing a revolver from her belt she fires twice at the pursuer. The Turk reels in his saddle. For a moment he struggles to maintain his position, and then he slides from his animal's back and lies prostrate in the dust.

The play has been exciting, and the audience has watched its different phases with breathless interest. As the Turk falls a roar of delight rises to their lips, but it never finds vent, and the next instant suddenly changes to a murmur of horror at the scene which meets their terrified gaze.

To properly finish the act, and to illustrate tender forgiveness as the Turk falls, the girl is supposed to jump from her saddle and bend over her foe, raising his head to her lap and attempting to relieve his sufferings. Hitherto the black horse has always stopped at the report of the pistol, but to-night, with a snort of rage he seizes the bit in his teeth and continues his mad race around the track. In vain the child attempts to check him. Suddenly he slackens his pace, and springing into the air, throws himself down and rolls over the tiny figure on his back; then jumping up he rears and brings his forefeet down upon the prostrate child, then darts past the ring-master into the dressing-tent.

The tumult that follows baffles description. Women and children faint, hundreds of men spring to their feet and start for the ring. Foremost in the rush is a stout, gray-haired, middle-aged man, who throws aside with unusual strength the men who stand in his way. It is the old showman himself. He kneels beside the little bruised form and gently lifts the small head. The clustering golden curls are damp with blood. She suffers terribly, yet as she feels the touch of old Adam the soft blue eyes open, and mingled with the pain comes a look of love unutterable, and the little hand seeks his. Since the death of her father, a member of an excellent English family, who had been disowned by his family for marrying her mother, a circus rider, who died at the birth of Irena, old Adam had been the being upon whom she had lavished all her affection, and in turn the sweet adoration of the child had won her a place in the old showman's heart.

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What a scene! The dying child lying in the thick sawdust—for they dared not move her—her head resting on old Adam's knee, surrounded by the members of the troupe.

"Papa Ad," the sweet voice murmured, "I'm so glad you came; I wanted you near when I die."

The tears spring to the old showman's eyes, and his gruff voice assumes womanly tenderness: "Poor little sunlight, don't talk of dying; you must live, little one."

"Oh, I hate to leave you," the child returns; "you have been so kind to me; but I am going to my own dear papa; but I want you to promise me one thing; you loved me as if I was your own little girl, didn't you?"

"Yes, darling; yes."

"Then promise me when I die you will bury me beside my own papa? Don't put me with strangers."

A loud wail from the clown, down whose cheek the tears have made channels through the paint, is answered by the sobs of the assembled auditors. Old Adam bends over the child, his lips press her brow, his utterance is choked, as he says: "It shall be as you wish, little one." Low as his voice is, the child hears the promise, and a sweet smile for a moment wreaths the pallid lips. The next instant a spasm shakes the little form, the face grows livid.

"You won't—forget—my—papa."

The sweet voice stops; she is dead.

An instant of utter silence, then the audience steals quietly away, and the old showman and his troupe are left alone with their dead idol. That night the pavilion is in darkness, and in the parlor at the hotel the company are congregated around a little coffined body.

The child's wish was sacredly carried out; in the cemetery at Brainard, Minnesota, stands an exquisite monument, upon which is written, "Little Irena and her own papa; erected by 'Papa Ad.'"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, June 18, 1898

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England's Pride in America

"THE fixed, the unalterable basis of Liberal policy is peace and friendship with America." So said Sir William Harcourt in the one speech of the present year which has leadership in it. "This has always been the attitude of the Liberals of Great Britain," says the New Age, of London. "The great mass of our people sympathized with the Union cause in the Civil War, and there has never been a moment from that time to this when, whatever the classes might feel, the masses have wavered in their friendliness to the people of the United States. The change which the war of Cuban liberation has brought about is that the classes have gone over to the masses. Even with the classes, however, it is no sudden conversion. There has been growing up for years a silent conviction that our true British policy is to cultivate the friendship of our kinsmen. The war has simply turned the silence into speech. It has made us realize the oneness of our ideals and aims. The British people have been deeply moved by the sufferings of a persecuted race, and have seen their humane intentions frustrated by a feeble and ineffective Government. They now see with boundless admiration, almost with envy, a similar outburst of pity and indignation leading to prompt and effective action.

The popular verdict in England is that the Americans are doing for Cuba what England ought to have done for Armenia and Crete. The humiliating contrast between aristocratic and democratic Government, between a self-governing nation and a nation in leading-strings, has struck the imagination of the people. Called to a noble duty, our statesmen were afraid, and we lost self-respect, as well as the respect of the world. The same call comes to the American people and they start up and obey it, and at a single step take a leading place in the world's affairs. How can we do other than admire and cheer them? Our National humiliation makes us only the prouder of our kinsmen. Our shame at the lack of courage and capacity in our own statesmen increases our respect for theirs. Every true Briton feels proud of America, and wishes her success."

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How France and Germany View Us

TIME was when the ill will toward us manifested by Continental Europe would have offended American sensitiveness, but we have attained to a consciousness of independent strength which now makes us indifferent to such foreign sentiment, says the New York Sun. It would be pleasant enough if France and Germany were amiably disposed toward this country in its war with Spain, but as we need nothing from either to enable us to carry on the conflict to speedy and complete success, except decent respect for neutral obligations, this unfriendly feeling is a matter of no consequence to any American interests.

Such foreign dread, suspicion and jealousy of the new and larger development which will be the consequence of our war with Spain, may be fortunate for us by relieving us of sentimental restraints which otherwise might become irksome. We shall feel the freer to go ahead as our own interests may dictate, knowing, too, just how much and how little sympathy we can expect from abroad. The somewhat childish and petulant manifestations of enmity against America made by the French and German newspapers add no strength to Spain, and they detract none from this country.

Those countries have nothing to sell us which we cannot do without; and, naturally enough, their captious spirit is inducing here a disposition to seek other sources of supply of luxuries obtainable by our abundance of substantial resources. Paris and Berlin have long profited greatly from American travelers, but as now Americans are compelled to encounter unfriendly manifestations there they are likely to avoid those places, inasmuch as they are bent on pleasure chiefly. Under such circumstances people are not disposed to go where they encounter unfriendly criticism.

If the French and the Germans are not favorably inclined toward Americans because this country has set about the abatement of the nuisance of Spanish domination in Cuba, Americans will consult their comfort by keeping away from France and Germany until common-sense returns to them. Meanwhile we shall proceed with calm determination to the accomplishment of the purpose we set for ourselves—the destruction of the last vestiges of Mediæval Spanish power in America, and we shall gather to ourselves such additions to our own power as come to us incidentally as the fruits of victory.

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Aims and Recompense of Socialism

ONE of the chiefs of the socialistic organization in Kansas sets forth the aims of the socialists and the recompense which will come to the individual after the system has been fully adopted, says the Kansas City Journal. The object of socialism as elucidated by this writer is to provide everybody on earth with a comfortable living, and the recompense to the individual is to be found in the fact that he will not be compelled to work more than one-third as hard in securing this living under socialistic conditions.

As a statement of the aims of socialism this extract is clear and lucid. As a statement of probable fact no one will be able to contradict it. It is quite conceivable that four and two-sevenths hours of work each day for each individual would be quite enough to produce all of the things required for life under socialistic conditions. The socialist's idea of the necessities of life comprehends only the food that men put into their mouths and the clothing they wear upon their backs. Those men who contribute their products to the higher, the intellectual, phase of life, are so much dead wood to the socialist. In his opinion there is no place in the economy of existence except for the man who digs in the ground and toils at the loom, or bears a part in the labor of transportation and distribution. To him artists, authors, singers, actors, architects, inventors, and all whose works tend to the elevation of mankind are encumbrances upon society.

The primeval condition of man was socialism. When he first came out of his cave in the rocks he was a socialist. The wolves and other beasts of the field are communists. One day in the dim, forgotten past, a star fell from heaven and ambition was born. Ambition made opportunity, and then together they created individuality and man commenced to advance. But, says the socialist, the destruction of the opportunity for one man to forge ahead of another will not stop the advancement of the whole or set it in motion. Painters will paint, and singers will sing, and architects will build, and authors will write, just as willingly as they did when the road to individual fame and fortune remained open before them.

But will they? Not unless the adoption of socialism brings with it such a radical reorganization of the human heart and brain as to fit mankind for translation to the realms above. God, Nature, or whatsoever you may choose to call the omnipotent power which rules the universe, never intended that things and men should stand on the dull, sodden, motionless level. Not so high the mountain but still there stands a higher, and not so deep the chasm but still is delved a deeper. Was it by chance that bards were made to sing on Mount Parnassus? And whence comes the content with which the humble plowboy pursues his lowly toil?

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The Tottering Thrones of Europe

FOR desperate fighting and wholesale carnage, the war between the United States and Spain has been a small affair thus far in comparison with the bread riots in Italy, says the New York Journal. The mob at Milan has lost more in killed and wounded than the Spanish fleet at Manila. The reported use of explosive bullets by the soldiers, in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, the attempt of the rioters to fire into the monasteries through holes in the walls, and their threat to build barricades of the bodies of nuns, testify to the bitterness of the passions that have been unchained.

There is evidently something more in these outbreaks than a mere explosion of industrial discontent. The revolts are said to have been carefully prepared. The agitation for a republic has been gathering strength in Italy for some time. It would not be surprising if this year should see the fall of all the thrones of Southern Europe. The dynasties of Italy and Spain are tottering; Portugal, which was on the edge of revolution two or three years ago, would undoubtedly follow the example of its neighbors, and the crown of Greece is held on the King's head only by hairpins of foreign bayonets.

With Portugal, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy and Greece forming a chain of republics, who can tell how far the movement may spread? There are two million Social Democrat voters in Germany. Hungary was a republic fifty years ago, and Norway is ready to be one now. Belgium is permeated with French influence, and if Germany should send her thrones to the attic, Holland would follow her example the next day. England is practically a republic already, and nothing but the good sense with which Queen Victoria has kept her hands off the governmental levers has preserved the forms of monarchy there. This is the semi-centennial of 1848. Let us hope that there may be no new 1849 of restored despotism.

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The Internal Dangers of Spain

AMID all the contradictory reports circulated day after day about the Hispano-American war, there is one salient and indisputable fact. This is, that Spain is in a worse position to carry on a foreign war than probably ever before in her career, says the New York Herald. It is only necessary to understand the gravity of the economical crisis through which the country is going just now, to be convinced that revolution is sullenly developing under the surface, and threatening the dynasty, probably even the monarchy itself, as the writer of the letter in question indicates. The question of the dearness of bread has swallowed up every other consideration. Self-preservation is the prime law of Nature, and even the most patriotic may be excused for caring but little whether some far-off and almost mythical colonial possessions are lost, when he finds himself face to face with this terrible question: How am I to get bread?

The difficulties that Spain has passed through during the last three years are mere child's play compared to the danger that confronts her at the present moment. With the commencement of hostilities the rate of exchange began to rise by leaps and bounds. The danger of this was not at first perceived—at any rate, no measures were taken to warn it off; but when foreign speculators began to flock into Spain and buy up all the wheat, grain and breadstuffs, every one's eyes were opened. Spain found herself without the grain which she had sold for depreciated pesetas, and was compelled to buy back again for her own consumption with francs worth double their normal value. From appealing to the Government for bread, to attempting to overthrow it when bread is not to be obtained, is but one step, and vast crowds of the Spanish people were, and are, ready to take that step by transition of feeling easy enough to understand.

The sympathy for women is slowly being alienated from the Queen Regent. It is not so much because of her attachment to Austria that the people reproach her. It is that they are face to face with famine; that her counselors have led the country from bad to worse, and the moment seems almost at hand when, in a last desperate struggle to free themselves from the sufferings which circumstances have entailed upon the poorer classes, the monarchy itself may be swept away. Now, therefore, if Europe wishes to save Spain, is the moment for intervention—not with the United States, which can take care of herself, but with Spain, to prevent her from suffering the consequences of her foolish and unjustifiable pride.

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Battles Fought by Machinery

A BATTLE at sea in a modern cruiser or battle-ship is almost entirely a question of mechanical science, says the Hartford Courant. It is won in the machine-shop, the drafting-room and the laboratories of the schools of applied science. The "man behind the gun" is as important as ever; he must be brave, cool, strong; but he must have that familiarity with his machine which comes from long acquaintance and natural aptitude, or, best of all, that which comes from having assisted in its construction. The day of the engineer has come. He inherits the earth and the sea, and covers the one with iron buildings and the other with iron ships, full of machinery. We live in the age of iron and steel, and the engineering nations come to the front by creating and accumulating wealth in peace, and by having great machines ready for war. The Germans, about forty years ago, dropped philosophy for science. When they met the French they won because they understood the science of war. The Franco-Prussian War was won in Krupp's machine-shop.

The Scotch have the reputation of being the great engineering nation, especially for "big work." They and their neighbors, the North Britons, are the creators of that wonderful machine, that last colossal triumph of mechanical engineering, the modern battle-ship. Up to the close of the Civil War the reputation of America in the mechanical world was for "fine work" and for ingenious devices, rather than for bold conceptions. We were intent on the saving of labor in minutiæ; we sang the lyrics rather than the epic of the great mechanical age. But when we took hold of Bessemer's invention for the production of steel, it soon became evident that our genius for mechanical details could readily be applied to "big work."

We have just learned how to build the modern battle-ship, and have profited by the mistakes and the experiments of others. When this war is closed we will know by experience all about the practical workings of these "leviathans afloat." The future of the world—from the material point of view—belongs to the engineering nations, and we have taken our place in the competition.

TOLD OF ROYALTY

THE WEARERS OF THE PURPLE

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Prince of Wales' Courtesy.—The Prince was present at a big fire in London, and he asked a reporter for some details, which were instantly given. At the conclusion of the conversation the Prince offered his informant a cigar, which the latter immediately wrapped in a page of his notebook and placed in his pocket. "Don't you smoke?" asked the Prince. "Oh, yes," said the reporter, "but I am not likely ever to get another cigar from the Prince of Wales." The Prince, laughing, said: "Better have another one—this time to smoke."

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A Princess Who Carries Packages.—Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, lives her own quiet life among the hills beyond Braemar, doing her errands like the wife of a laborer. Indeed, many an uppish dame has been inclined to sneer at the modestly dressed young lady who enters a village shop, makes her purchases, and carries them off to her carriage, as if she were doing part of her day's work. A lady visiting at Braemar was in the village bank, and was astonished to hear the banker address as "Your Royal Highness" an ordinary-looking lady with a parcel like a bag of laundered clothes under her arm.

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Prince Oscar's Vanity.—Prince Oscar, the ten-year-old son of William II, is a very bright youngster, who, in spite of rigid family discipline, is inclined to play the bully with his elder brothers. When there is any disagreement between the boys, Oscar turns round and flings the fact that he is the first son born of the German Emperor, his four brothers having first seen the light as nobodies, because papa had not then come to the Imperial throne. Prince Oscar has just been made a Lieutenant in one of his father's pet regiments, and is the youngest officer in the Prussian army.

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Prince Michael's Disobedience.—The third son of the late Russian Emperor, while in the naval service, was holding the rank of midshipman when the flagship on which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The Admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Michael to take charge of the first one. The Royal midshipman declined to obey.

"I am your commanding officer, and I order you into the boat," cried the Admiral.

"I cannot obey you," returned the Prince. "It would not become the son of the Emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you till the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience, as soon as circumstances will allow me."

"I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," persisted Michael.

Then, as soon as temporary shelter was obtained, the rigid discipline of naval life was resumed, and the young Prince was placed under arrest for disobedience to orders. The Russian Minister at Copenhagen, being at once informed of the facts, telegraphed them to the Emperor and received this reply:

"I approve the act of the Admiral for placing the midshipman under arrest for disobeying orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

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How the Czar Played with Dolls.—As every one knows, M. Faure was bearer of some extraordinary Paris dolls to the little Grand Duchess Olga when he went to St. Petersburg recently, but now comes the story of the reception given them by the Czar himself.

The baby Grand Duchess, it seems, was not more entranced than her august father with those sweet dollies, who carried on a squeaky dialogue as between mother and child; but, after an hour passed in their society, nurse was obliged to take the little Princess to bed, and the Emperor was then left alone with the two clever artificial ladies. In an adjoining room the Empress, M. Faure and some ladies and gentlemen of the Court were talking, when suddenly a strange noise like that of an infernal machine was heard, followed by a loud exclamation.

Everybody rushed to see what it was. There was the Czar, safe and sound, but with a dismal face, looking at the dolls, which he had partly undressed to find out the secret hidden in their bosoms, while the dolls were chattering away as though they would never stop!

The gentle Empress quite lost her temper; snatching up the carpeted board on which the ladies were standing, she gave it to a gentleman near her. "Please take it away," she cried; "it is too bad, indeed; the Emperor spoils everything he touches"; but as "Nicky" looked very penitent and the situation was so funny, she could not help laughing. "You see how it is," said the Emperor; "I am not even permitted to talk with my own daughter's dolls." At this sally from the Emperor the company laughed heartily, and peace was at once restored.

WHERE OUR SAILORS ARE TRAINED
CADET LIFE AT ANNAPOLIS

BY GEORGE GIBBS

With Illustrations by the Author

IN TIMES like these, when the theories and studies of thirty years are being put to tests of fire and the sword, it is interesting to turn for a moment to our naval school at Annapolis, where the officers who are planning our campaigns, directing our battles and our blockades, and commanding our ships, have been first trained to the serious business of war. Though the years which have passed since 1861 have made changes in the personnel, system, and appearance of the Naval Academy, the city of Annapolis itself is the same sleepy, careless, happy-go-lucky town of earlier days.

Once a year, and only once, it rouses itself from its lethargy, and assumes an air of gayety and importance which it may not even have shown when it earned for itself the title of "The Gayest Colonial Capital." During the latter part of May and the first of June, each train that pulls into the ramshackle station bears a load of pretty young women—sisters, cousins, sweethearts—who come for the two-weeks' exercises, when the naval cadets are graduated, and for the June Ball. It has been so since the founding of the Naval Academy, and will be so as long as youngsters in brass buttons are brought up to be professional heroes.

In the old Colonial days Annapolis was rich. There was an English Governor, and grouped about him were some of the oldest English families. In the middle of the eighteenth century Annapolis had become refined, gay, elegant, and even dissipated.

Not only was Annapolis in these old days the most lucrative place in the Colonies for the practice of law, but it was the birthplace of such lawyers as Daniel Dulaney, William Pinckney, Charles Carroll, and Reverdy Johnson. In those days, too, after the Revolution, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the richest man in America, was one of the citizens. To-day, while the descendants of some of these families are still in possession of the homes of their forefathers, the seat of power and money of Maryland has changed to the commercial capital, Baltimore. The centre of social gayety, therefore, is to be found in the Naval Academy.

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The social feature of the life of the cadet must not be underestimated. The youngsters who present themselves as candidates for admission, appointed politically, come from all parts of the country, and represent every shade of opinion and training in the United States. They are a smaller image of the large mass of our people. The problem of bringing these different natures into accord with the conditions which they must face is no easy one, and the weeding-out process, which immediately begins, is conducted by the Superintendent—usually a Captain in the Navy—and the officers under his command, under rules which have been adopted after sixty years of previous administrations.

There is an indefinable something in the organization of the place that makes an indelible impression upon the mind of the candidate, and as he enters upon his duties it does not take long to discover whether he is mentally and personally fitted for the long task before him. It was said in the old days that a seaman was born and not made. But modern warfare has so changed the conditions that, while the officers of the Navy must always command men and have the instincts of the sailor, high mental attainments are also the requisite, and those instincts can be formed by experience and association.

The course, then, in brief, is the training of the mind and the body, the school of the soldier and sailor and the school of the gentleman. Here, then, is where the social influences of the Naval Academy are felt. Politics, like misfortune, makes strange bedfellows, and the scion of your Eastern banker may soon find himself detailed as the roommate of the most impecunious and unpretentions of Uncle Sam's younger sons. It is the democracy of military training, in which every man's standing is governed alone by his professional qualifications. Money or position can in no way affect his life. His rise or fall depends entirely upon his own worth.

To the young man fortunate enough to secure an early appointment from his Representative in Congress, his new home, in the month of May, presents every attraction. From the moment he enters the gate, passes the marine guards, his eye meets the beautifully kept lawns of the campus and drill-ground, sweeping gradually down to the sea-wall on the north and east sides, where the Severn River flows, stretching out to the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, only three miles from old Fort Severn. To the left, as he enters, are the New Quarters and hospital. To the right, the sacred precincts of "Lovers' Lane," into which he cannot go, under pain of displeasure of his upper classmen, until he has passed through his first, or "plebe," year, and this rule is stringent.

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To pass the examinations successfully the candidate must be physically sound, and must have a knowledge of arithmetic, geography, United States history, reading, writing, spelling, English grammar, and the first principles of algebra. The number of appointees is limited by law to one naval cadet for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives; one for the District of Columbia, and ten at-large; the District of Columbia and the at-large appointments being made by the President. The course of the naval cadets is six years—four years at the Naval Academy and two years at sea, at the expiration of which time the cadet returns for the final graduation.

The fourth-class man who enters in May has a certain advantage over the September appointee, for he has the advantage of four months of practical instruction, which hardens his muscles and gets his mind into excellent shape for the harder work of the year. Having passed his examinations, the youngster goes to the office of the Superintendent, where he takes the oath of allegiance which binds him to serve in the United States Navy eight years, including his time of probation at the Naval Academy, unless sooner discharged. He deposits a sum of money for his books, and such other amount as may be necessary for his outfit, and is put to no further expense.

His pay is $500 a year while at the Naval Academy, but while he acknowledges its receipt to the paymaster by signing the payroll, he is furnished with only sufficient pocket money to get along on. This sum of money is microscopic, and is usually spent as soon as received. Having procured his outfit from the storekeeper, he reports on board the Santee. The Santee is one of the old sailing frigates in the Navy, and has for years been anchored at the naval dock as quarters for cadets during the summer-time and for practical instruction in the drill of the old Dahlgrens. Here, too, is where the fractious cadets are placed in durance.

Until within a very few years, the new fourth-class men were sent upon the summer cruise of cadets, first on the Dale, then on the Constellation and the Monongahela. But by a change in the curriculum the May appointees in the fourth class do not take the summer cruise. The Monongahela last summer carried the line division of the first class, the second class and the third class. Before this change, the life of the "plebe" on the summer cruise was not a bed of roses. The cadets of the third class, until recently "plebes" themselves, were prepared to wreak upon their juniors all of the pent-up exuberance of the previous year.

Hazing, in the old sense, has died away, and even the "running" of ten years ago has been reduced to a minimum, through the efforts of Captains Ramsey, Sampson, and Phythian, but the "plebe" was made to step around in a very lively manner and to do most of the hauling on the heavy gear, while the third-class men did the complaining. On the Monongahela, the first, second and third classes are now, as in the old days, considered as sailors, although a number of the blue-jackets are retained on the vessel. The cadets do their share of the work, and perform all the duties of men-of-war's-men except scrubbing, holy-stoning, and cleaning brasswork. The lower-class men are divided into watches with the regular blue-jackets, side by side with whom they assist in performing all the evolutions in working the ship.

The cruise which follows is usually a pleasant one. There is a lot of hard work to do, and in a short while the hands and muscles get hard, the white suits conveniently tarry, and the skins of the youngsters as brown as leather. But the life has its compensations, for at Fortress Monroe they get into their uniforms again and go ashore to the dances given there at the time of their arrival and departure.

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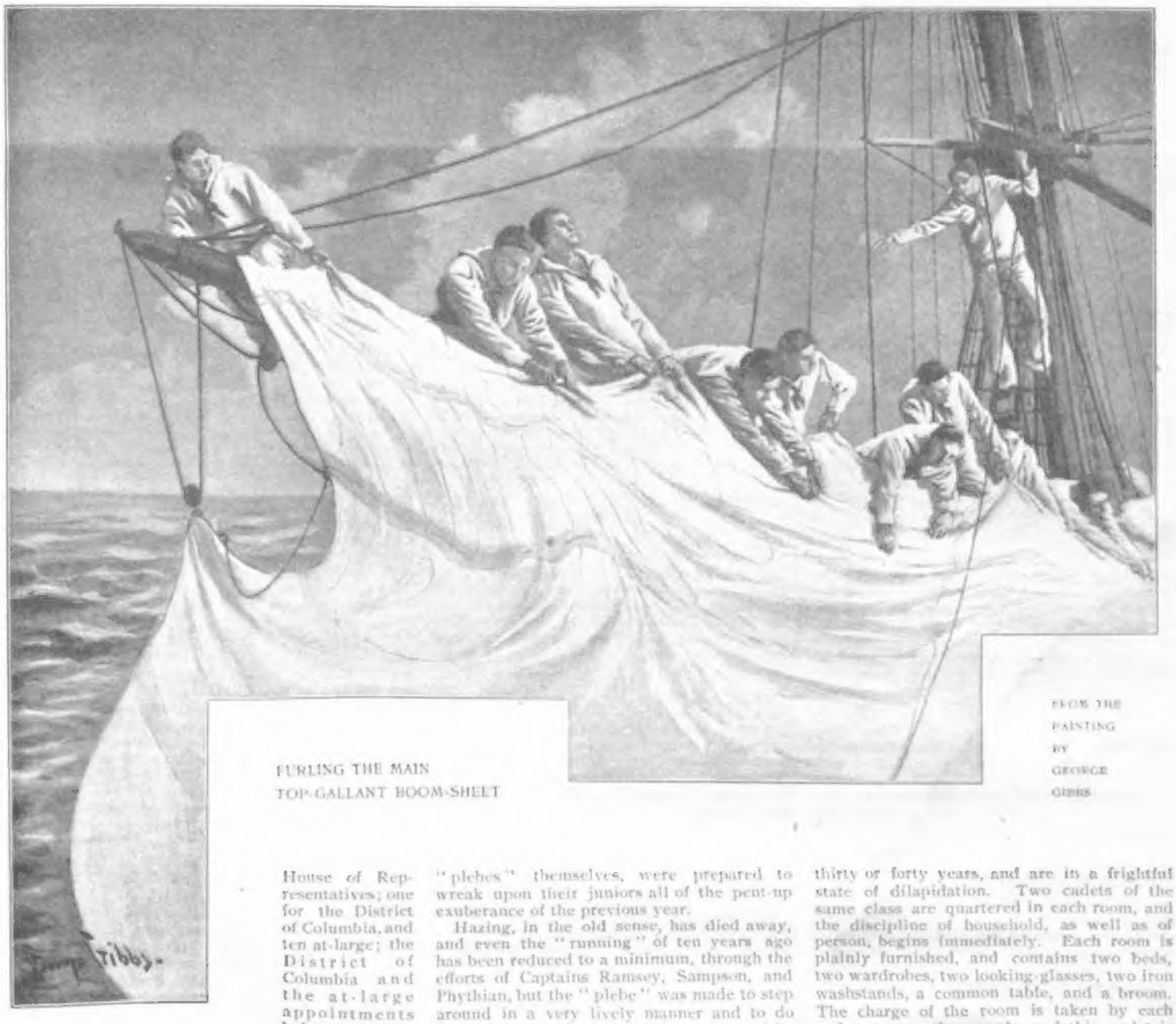
Meanwhile, the engineer division of the first class is off on a cruise to visit the various navy yards and docks of the Atlantic coast. Their course of summer instruction differs from that of the cadets on the Monongahela, and they are shown the practical side of engineering work on sea-going ships. Way down below the water-line of their vessel, in the stoke-hole, engine-room or boiler-room, covered with grease or coal dust, they do all the work of oilers, engineers, stokers, and mechanics, so as to be able to know accurately all the duties of those men and to be able to command them in the years to come.

In October, the study term begins, and the cadets are then given their quarters for winter. Most of them are in the building known as the New Quarters, while the others, cadet officers of the first class, are placed in the old quarters. The subtle distinction in the titles of these two sets of buildings is hardly appreciated at the Naval Academy, since they have both been built for thirty or forty years, and are in a frightful state of dilapidation. Two cadets of the same class are quartered in each room, and the discipline of household, as well as of person, begins immediately. Each room is plainly furnished, and contains two beds, two wardrobes, two looking-glasses, two iron washstands, a common table, and a broom. The charge of the room is taken by each cadet every other week, and this cadet is responsible for its general order and cleanliness. If the officer in charge should happen to inspect the quarters in his absence, and find anything contrary to regulations, the cadet in charge is the one who is reported at the next morning's formation, although his room-mate may have been the delinquent.

Throughout the year, the reveille sounds at six o'clock. At a quarter to seven is morning formation, roll-call and inspection. The ranks are opened, and the keen-eyed officer in charge, followed by the cadet officer of the day and his ominous scratch pad, with keen eyes looks for grease spots,



FURLING THE MAIN TOP-GALLANT BOOM-SHEET

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE GIBBS

specks of dust on blouses, tumbled hair, or unblackened boots. After breakfast, the sick-call is sounded, and cadets who are ill, or who think they are, report to the hospital. At eight o'clock the study begins, and lasts until half-past twelve. The cadets of each class are divided into sections of from six to a dozen each, and at the bugle-call are formed by sections and marched to their recitation rooms for study. The morning is divided into two parts, and each part is divided into two periods; one for study and one for recitation.

Briefly, the course of instruction is as follows: Fourth Class, first year: Algebra, geometry, English, history of Greece and Rome, French, naval history of the United States, Spanish. Third Class, second year: Descriptive geometry, trigonometry, the Constitution of the United States, analytical geometry, mechanical drawing, physics, and chemistry. Second Class, third year: Seamanship, principles of mechanism, differential calculus, integral calculus, physics, chemistry, mechanical drawing, and navigation. First Class, line division: Seamanship and naval tactics, ordnance and gunnery, theory and practice of navigation, hydrographic surveying, least squares, applied mechanics, naval construction, ballistics, armor and torpedoes. The Engineer Division has marine engines, boilers, machinery designing, mechanics, and naval construction.

The first part of the course, it will be seen, deals with the simpler branches of study. The plan is not to burden the mind of the

cadet with unnecessary knowledge, yet every branch which will directly, or even indirectly, contribute to his ultimate efficiency has its place in the curriculum. The end, the making of a thoroughly trained seaman, is kept constantly in view. The simpler studies train the mind of the cadet to the technical work which follows in the third and fourth years, and in those two years he gets his principal technical and practical training. Each one of the departments in which he studies has a head, usually a naval officer above the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. All of these heads of departments, with the Superintendent and Commandant of Cadets, who is also head of the Department of Discipline, form the Academic Board. The afternoon classes begin at two and last till four, after which comes the afternoon drill, which lasts until five-thirty and completes the daily duties.

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It does not seem, with all this work, as though the cadet had very much time to himself, but the cadet is not unhappy. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are given over as recreation hours, and football and baseball, with neighboring college teams, bring crowds of visitors into the Academy. The band plays upon the lawn, and the pathways are filled with fair visitors, who walk with their respective heroes along the shady lanes. Saturday night, too, during the winter, hops are given, sometimes by officers and sometimes cadets, and a gymnastic entertainment once a year gives the cadets the opportunity to show their prowess in boxing, fencing, and work on the gymnastic paraphernalia.

Toward the end of May the annual exercises begin. The examinations finished, the arrival of the Board of Visitors is announced by the booming of cannons from the sea-wall. The cadets receive them on dress-parade, and the work of showing their progress during the year is at once begun. The Board of Visitors go out on one of the Government tugs into Chesapeake Bay, and there they see the upper-class men tack, wear ship, box, haul, and perform all the evolutions in a seamanlike manner on the old Monongahela. Light yards are swung across with the precision of old men-of-war's-men, sails are reefed, furled, or set in an incomparably short space of time, and the cadets are down from aloft for their target practice. The target is towed out by a launch, anchored, and gun by gun, battery by battery, division by division, or by broadsides, the cadets hammer away at it as though it were the vessel of a hostile power, more often than not blowing it entirely to pieces.

Back again at the yard, they go through with their drill in infantry or artillery, and last, but not least, comes the drill by companies for the honor of bearing the Naval Academy flag during the coming year. The judges in this competition are usually Army officers, and every movement is carefully watched and marked. The Captain of each company, before going to this drill, selects its sponsor—a very pretty girl, who, the drill over, presents the flag to the victorious company, amid loud cheers from the whole battalion.

The exercises are over. The cadet of the first class is now ready to be graduated. Companies are formed up in hollow square, and the Secretary of the Navy in the centre, with a pleasant word to each, presents the diplomas to the graduates, amid cheers from the companies. As quickly as he can, the first-class man goes to his quarters and shifts into his new uniform, and comes back to the campus for the congratulations of his friends. That night the June Ball takes place, and the graduate bids farewell to his old associations and goes out into the world.

Few articles that have been written about the Naval Academy have given anything of the personal side of the life of the cadet—the side of his life that is an escape-valve from books and drills. There was a time, years ago, when smoking was permitted by the Superintendent, and this is how the privilege was granted. One night, in January, 1879, an alarm of fire was sounded just before ten o'clock. The cadets, then nearly ready for turning in, appeared in all sorts of costumes, but reported promptly in the hall. When the battalion was assembled at fire quarters, word was passed that there was a fire in the city and they were expected to aid.

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With a cheer the cadets rushed to the engines, and in spite of the cold and their scanty costumes, rushed out to the State House circle, where seven or eight buildings were all ablaze.

It was found that the hydrants could not supply enough water, so the cadet officers immediately took charge and ran a line of hose to the river. Four houses were already past help, but attention was immediately directed toward saving the others.

In order to save three buildings, it was found necessary to pull one of these burning structures down. A heavy chain was passed through the doors and one of the windows, which was manned by the cadets and townsfolk, and the building was in a short time demolished. In some unaccountable way, after part of the building had been pulled down, the chain was unshackled, and the townsfolk, who were now manning it, shot half-way up the street. So the cadets, in spite of their hard work, could always find time for skylarking. One officer, who wasn't very much liked, received the full force of the hose, which was in charge of two cadets, directly under the chin. Of course, apologies were in order, but the officer had to go home. At four o'clock in the morning, the cadets, wet and tired out, returned to their quarters.

The next day they found that it was generally considered that they had not only saved the buildings, but the greater part of the business portion of the town, as the wind had shifted, and the part of the town toward the harbor would have been completely destroyed. At formation the order of the Superintendent was read. It said that "Whereas the cadets had shown great bravery in the performance of their duty the night before, and had conducted themselves in a creditable manner, the Superintendent desired to express his appreciation and grant to them the privilege of using tobacco." Ten minutes after breakfast there was not a man in the battalion of nearly four hundred who was not puffing away furiously on pipe, cigar or cigarette, although not an ounce of tobacco had been drawn from the stock of the storekeeper. Whence it came is a mystery.

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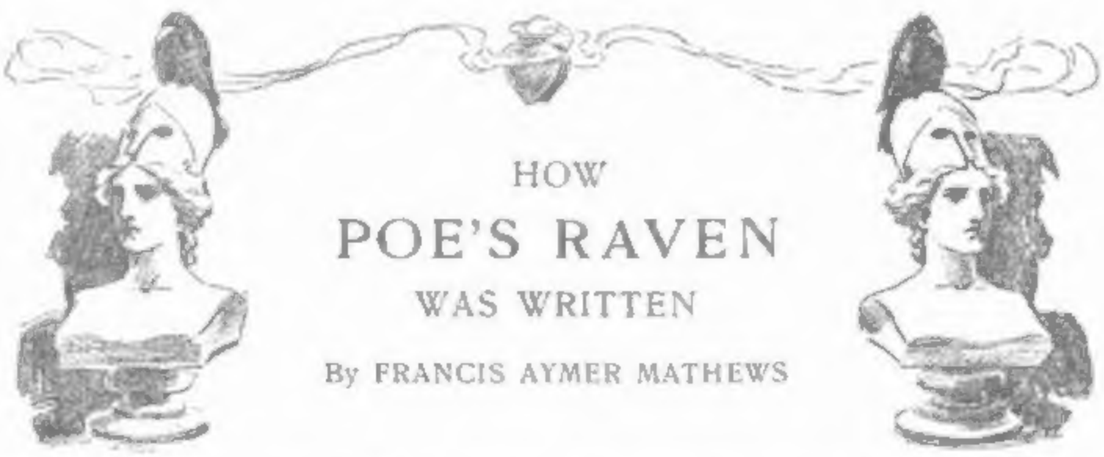
The privilege was taken away in 1881, and though to-day there is no smoking allowed, and smoking is considered one of the most serious offenses, yet it is safe to say that in many a secret nook this contraband is safely hid from the eye of the officer in charge. In the old days, after taps, or lights out, poker parties were the order of the night. The windows and transoms were covered with blankets, and every ray was hidden from the eye of the zealous officer and watchman. But to-day the discipline is different, and the cadet, to pass the rigorous mental examination, has no time to transgress the written and unwritten law.

There are, of course, many criticisms from various quarters as to the methods of instruction at the Naval Academy, but it is not desirable to make rapid changes, in spite of new conditions, in a course that has proved successful for many years. It is asked that if cadets are to man steamships without sails, what is the use of educating them to officer sailing vessels? What was the necessity of building the Bancroft if she was not to be used for the practice cruises of the cadets? Why has it been proposed to build wooden vessels for their instruction? The Superintendent of the Naval Academy, Captain Cooper, Secretary Herbert, and Secretary Long have contended that officer-like qualities can best be attained by experience on sailing vessels. They believe that intrepidity and alertness come from the old school of sailing ships.

On the other hand, many of the older officers believe that there is too much book learning at the Academy and too little practical instruction; but most of them are willing to admit that the naval officer of to-day must be a scientific man to properly meet requirements of modern ships, and that he cannot acquit himself properly unless he has a complete theoretical training. It is certain that the cadet graduated now from the Naval Academy is thoroughly trained in his profession. He has never yet been shown deficient in knowledge of any duty which he has been called upon to perform, nor incapable of mastering the intricate parts of modern ships. Considering the age at which he leaves the Academy, he is better educated in his profession than the college graduate, and is also trained in those qualities for command which make the American naval service what it is to-day. He goes forth thoroughly equipped for his lifework.



HOW POE'S RAVEN WAS WRITTEN

By FRANCIS AYMER MATHEWS

ONE day when I was a child of twelve or thirteen I stood tiptoeing in my uncle's office; my eye was caught by an engraving hung high over a lamp-bracket at one side of the chimney-place. It was the portrait of a man's face, dark, sad, proud, irresistible, almost, in the attraction of its deep eyes and the suggestive curve of the weak though haughty mouth. Underneath the picture was written in a beautiful, firm, small, even hand: "To my friend, Cornelius Mathews, from his devoted friend, Edgar Allan Poe."

"Is that the man who wrote The Raven?" I asked, breathless in my gaze at the weird, spiritual face, it seemed to me, flickering with suppressed life at that very moment, in the flare of the smoky little lamp below it.

My uncle nodded, laid down his pen, and wheeled his chair nearer to the fire.

"Do you want to know how The Raven was written?" he asked me, as I drew a bit nearer to him and the blaze.

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Of course I did; hungry for the eerie and the strange, I fairly shivered with delightful anticipation then over its first hearing, as I have many a time since when I have begged for its repetition at my uncle's lips. It is because I have heard it so often that I am able to put down so accurately the picturesque little history of at least one of (if not the) inceptional phases of a poem that has run the gamut of the world and ensnared its every reader.

"It was in the winter of '44-'45," began my uncle, "a drizzling night full of chill and murk, and shifty with freaks of an east wind that shivered against the lamp-posts and rattled the swinging signs all along Broadway. On such a night years ago, the warm flare of the gas at the entrance to the old Park Theatre seemed very attractive to a young man still in his twenties and with a play of his own in his desk, into which he had put his best. I crossed over and went in. I found Edgar Poe in the seat beside mine; we shook hands; we had known each other for some years by letter, and for some months face to face.

"He was one of the most courteous and attentive listeners I ever encountered, and, with a delicacy and interest unbounded, he inquired as to the play I was then so intent upon. It was Witchcraft, and as briefly as I could I outlined the plot to him. As I came to the close of the fourth act, depicting the anguish and horror of my hero, Gideon, on being convinced that his mother is in truth a witch, beholding as he does the signs in the elements and in the sky, Poe, his gaze fixed before him, said in his low, melodious voice, 'Mr. Mathews, why do you not at this point have a raven—that bird of ill omen—flit across the stage over the witch's head? Do you know,' he went on, his eyes still immovably riveted on the glowing space before him, his voice so low that it could not disturb even the nearest neighbor, 'that that bird—that imp bird—pursues me, mentally, perpetually; I cannot rid myself of its presence; as I sit here I seem to hear the melancholy of its croak as I used to hear it in my boyish days at school in Stoke-Newington; I seem to hear the sordid flap of its wings in my ears. I wonder, Mr. Mathews,' he said, 'if Dickens has ever been haunted by the raven as I am; I wonder if the raven in Barnaby Rudge is his expression of the monotonous power the bird has had over his mind. What do you think?'

"'Candidly,' I answered, 'from a long correspondence with Dickens, I take him to be a man so little inclined to the introspective that his presentation of Barnaby's raven is likely to have been more for its effect than the result of a deep cause.'

"'I see,' Poe responded; 'that is precisely it. Some men sway trifles, foibles, or events to their own shaping, others'—he shifted his gaze back to the space no doubt peopled by his fancies—'are swayed and swung hither and fro by whispers heard only by themselves.'

"Half an hour later I came out, jumped into the omnibus, and away it went rattling over the cobblestones. We had reached Bleecker Street, when there, in the circle of a sickly yellow light, under the lamp-post I beheld Edgar Poe standing, writing on the margin of a paper, apparently utterly oblivious of everything around him. I pulled the strap and dashed out.

"'Poe!' I cried, touching him lightly on the shoulder, holding the umbrella over him.

"With a curious urbanity—a gentleness which yet spoke to me in other language and told me of his chagrin at being interrupted—he greeted me and thanked me, and said, answering my earnest queries as to why he had given me the slip and deprived me of the pleasure of his company at supper,

"'I thank you very much; I could not have eaten or drunk, or slept, or gone a step farther than this, or waited a moment longer than now.' (Poe then lived in Amity Street, only a few blocks distant.) 'It is the raven,' he went on, pushing his dark hair back from his forehead, and with his feet almost frozen in a puddle; with my umbrella beaten now this way, now that, by the fierceness of the wind; with the rumble of a solitary cart emphasizing the solitude; with the creaking of a board sign at the corner—Poe said in a hushed, strained voice:

"'Let me read you a stanza or two here.'

"He read on from the scrap of paper that he held as far as the words,

"'Perched, and sat, and nothing more,'

when lack of mere physical strength, I believe, made him stop.

"'It is cold,' he said, with a slight tremor, while he looked half inquiringly at me.

"'The poem is superb, Mr. Poe,' I cried, 'but it is madness for us to stop out here in the street in the storm.' We walked along together, and all the while his lips were framing snatches of the poem.

"We reached the steps of his residence, and then he turned and thanked me with peculiar grace and charm of manner characteristic of Edgar Allan Poe. 'Be sure to finish this Raven poem,' I said.

"With a melancholy sigh—the insensible, impalpable waft of a restless and imprisoned spirit—he answered:

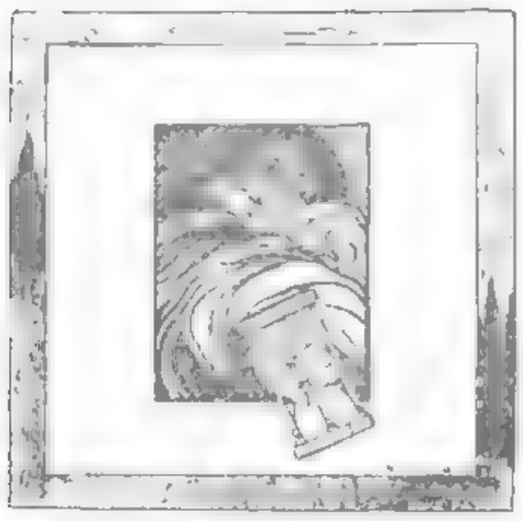
"'I shall have to; it has not let me rest; it will not let me sleep until it is completed. Perhaps if I have once put it on paper the ill-omened fowl will quit my ear and leave me in peace.'

"Not many weeks after that conversation, my dear, I bought and read that very copy of The Raven."—Bachelor of Arts.

POE'S HOUSE, IN EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE THE RAVEN WAS WRITTEN

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries



William T. Sampson's Valuable Experience

In January, 1895, a Lieutenant in the United States Navy was acting as executive officer of an ironclad vessel in the fleet blockading Charleston. When the Admiral in command deemed the time ripe to attempt to enter the harbor, he selected this officer and vessel to remove or destroy the submarine mines and torpedoes with which he knew the harbor had been planted. The Lieutenant stood on the bridge [illegible] sel as she began to pass in while h[illegible] of sharpshooters fell [illegible] barf about him [illegible] suddenly the vessel shot [illegible] in the [illegible] to pieces, and sank destroyed by [illegible]. The Lieutenant was blown into the [illegible] rescued from the water. [illegible] began making a thorough study of explosives [illegible]nes, torpedoes, and ordnance, and b[illegible] expert on these lines. As Superintendent of the Naval Academy, as lecturer at the Naval War College, as inspector of ordnance at the Washington Navy Yard, and as Chief of the Bureau of Naval Ordnance [illegible] exemplified a[illegible] was because of his superior knowledge [illegible] specialties that the President at the Navy Department chose for President of the Court of Inquiry on the destruction of the Maine and for Commander of the fleet [illegible] and in the Liberation of Cuba from her oppressors, William T. Sampson.

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General Kitchener, the Hero of Egypt

General Sir Herbert Kitchener, whose brilliant campaign in Egypt has attracted the admiring attention of the world to him, is a typical British officer, and of the very best type at that. Says a London writer: "He has not attained fame at a leap [illegible] for I soon supposed to be easy for military genius, but has marched slowly and steadily toward it over a route not less difficult [illegible]. Beginning as an officer in the [illegible] it took him twelve years to reach [illegible] of Captain and has had to thanks to a reputation for industry rather than for brilliancy. Soon acquiring an unusual knowledge [illegible] and character the young officer rose step by step in the service, and when Wolseley advanced on Dongola, fourteen years ago, he was [illegible] head of the Army to deal with [illegible] royal officials and to win over the chiefs [illegible] were wavering between fear of the [illegible] operators and desire for the sort of liberty promised to the Mahdi's followers. Since attaining to the position of Sirdar General Kitchener has continued to manifest the qualities which he rose. His [illegible] courage in battle has hardly been noticed, much less important is it than his executive intelligence and his calm [illegible] the face of obstacles apparently insuperable.

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Mrs. Gladstone, the Devoted Wife

Since the death of Mr Gladstone, public interest has been aroused in the one who was his faithful and loyal wife for so many years. During the fifty-nine years their married life Mr and Mrs G[illegible] were never separated for [illegible] cents four hours says the Philadelphia Pr[illegible].

For years Mrs Gladstone was [illegible] figure in the House of Commons. She [illegible] same seat in the ladies' [illegible] and Gladstone never rose to make a [illegible] speech without first letting his [illegible] wander to the place where she sat, to receive the smile of sympathy and [illegible].

Of course everyone in the House knew all about the little Gladstone comedy. Mrs Gladstone would study her husband as the speech progressed, his face, his gestures and his attitude, and when she came to the conclusion that he had [illegible] himself it made no difference whether the speech was [illegible] up with [illegible] her warmth. Frequently the Grand Old Man would [illegible] on, but if he were to make another point he would disregard the finger and keep it [illegible]. Soon Mrs Gladstone would get almost beside herself with apprehension. Again and again up would go the finger, and the entire House knowing all about this Derby and Joan business could scarcely [illegible].

At last Mrs Gladstone [illegible] anger, and, leaning [illegible] would send messengers from the lobby to her husband. When her warnings were at last heeded and the speech was over, Mrs Gladstone would follow her husband into the cloak room, where she would administer that elixir for which she never lost her [illegible] nor her reputation [illegible] Christ himself could [illegible] her own hands help him on with his [illegible] Gladstone [illegible] had no time to give to [illegible].

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Captain Cadarso, Brave Spanish Officer

[illegible] London Graphic [illegible] was a mes[illegible] still he found [illegible] His signature [illegible] was conspicuously engaged in [illegible] evening he would [illegible] on during th[illegible].

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Miss Pool's Affection for Dogs

Not the least [illegible] Yorkshire t[illegible] Miss Pool mar[illegible] that once responde[illegible].

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Senor Mendonca, the Brazilian Diplomat

[illegible] Brazilian Minister has [illegible] away generally regretted [illegible] said by two Secretaries [illegible] or more fully [illegible] a diplomatic station here [illegible] this high opinion of his diplo[illegible] and sympathy with [illegible] an institutions have endeared him [illegible] tality for which he [illegible] trying moment [illegible] naval result [illegible] and De Mello undertook to overthrow the [illegible] then President [illegible] w that behind the admitted [illegible] a determination [illegible] monarchy and he became even more [illegible] of Mr. Gladstone's magnificent rages were directed at the two [illegible] e policy of the Concert pounced. "It is pleasant to know that a [illegible] can forget a slight or wax wrathful over any himself and remember only that which the [illegible] eloquent lips had pronounced upon his [illegible] s all probably find that Mr [illegible] s frequently and freely expressed admiration and appreciation of the moral [illegible] Alexander II prompted this expression of [illegible] ling of Nicholas II.

In fact there may be those who will go further, and see in this singular mark [illegible] a desire to secure for the memory [illegible] last of tributes an acknowledgment [illegible] good services performed by Mr [illegible] from their Turkish sympathies and thus [illegible] ing the task of [illegible] s a m the Far East. But w[illegible] vound Europe be and the jeal y of the [illegible] ang Czar enabled him to en[illegible] much the "great man" in his messa[illegible] ches of the young Czar's grandfather liberator [illegible] the serfs, the emancipator of the downtrodden Eastern Christians.

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The Personal Side of Jean de Reszké

Any [illegible] of Jean [illegible] Reszké off t[illegible] seldom and the[illegible] va into the [illegible] says the St[illegible] being wi[illegible] about [illegible] on as get it ou[illegible] any one but himself. Not long ago M de [illegible] and shuns society for the simple joys of the fireside.

Like all Poles, Jean de Reszké is a passionate patriot, and the affairs of his country and of his estate are of great interest to him. Of late years the voice of the great tenor [illegible] notes to bring [illegible] modern in the world for the rest." If he [illegible] agnes during [illegible] day that [illegible] put perfectly [illegible] upon [illegible] or two, and finds that the swift passage through the air [illegible] frogs about a [illegible] result. Sometimes [illegible] de Reszké will give his voice a rest. To [illegible] exits eager wo[illegible] wishes to keep at h[illegible] never gives up [illegible] delight. He has spent months [illegible] thought wit[illegible] Lohengrin, Siegfried, at [illegible] Val demonstrating the result of all that loving thought for a blood-and-wood. Like many [illegible] artists he is [illegible] of criticism. "Oh! the stupid, stupid newspapers!" he will say quite pathetically.

The father of the De Reszkés held a position as Councilor of State in Warsaw, and with his wife, who possesses a soprano voice of splendid quality, entertained very largely. Madame de Reszké had studied in her own country under Viardot and Garcia, so that she thoroughly understood the finest details of "style" when playing at their mother's knee. Both Monsieur and Madame were passionately fond of the opera, and as soon as they could talk plainly little Jean and Edouard [illegible] to occupy seats in their box. These naughty boys are only quiet when [illegible] their mother would declare [illegible].

DEATHS OF THE DAY

[illegible] War and Governor of Iowa [illegible] born in Sassafrasina Grant Pennsylvania in 1830, died in Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 29.

JOSEPH CARTLAND, a well-known member of the Society of Friends and formerly President of the Friends' College of Pennsylvania; born in Weare, New Hampshire, in 1819, died in Newburyport, Massachusetts, June 1.

MADELINE VINTON DAHLGREN, widow of Admiral John Adolph Dahlgren, author of several works; active opponent of Woman Suffrage movement, born in Gallipolis, Ohio, in 1825, died in Washington, May 28.

CHARLES E. EMERY, Ph. D., A naval engineer under Farragut and Constructor of the United States Coast Survey. Born in Aurora, New York, in 1833, died in Brooklyn, New York, Jan.

BENJAMIN F. FRIDLEY, lawyer and capitalist widely known throughout the West for [illegible] at the Bar though he could neither read nor write, died in Aurora, Illinois, May 31, at the supposed age of ninety years.

MILTON HAXTUN, Captain (retired) in the United States Navy; born in New York City, October 5, 1830, graduated at Annapolis in 1846, served in the Mexican War, at Canton, in the Civil War, and in the Russo-Turkish War; died in Brooklyn, New York, May 26.

THOMAS W. KEENE, famous tragedian, in 1880 first appeared as a Shakesp[illegible].

PRINCE KUNG, brother of the late Chinese Emperor Hsienfung, uncle of the present Emperor, and creator and President of the Tsung li Yamen, or Chinese Foreign Office; born in 1833, died in Pekin, May [illegible].

BERNARD MORRIS, inventor of the electrolytic process of parting and refining gold and silver; born in Hattia, Saxony, in 1850; died at sea on his way from New York [illegible] country in May.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, distinguished chemist, political economist, civil service reformer and parliamentarian, born in Meerut, [illegible] died in London, May 29.

[illegible] oldest son of the thirteenth Earl of Dey[illegible], formerly inspector of the Local Government Board; born [illegible] England, May 27.

EDWARD TUCKER, founder of Swift and Courtney Match Company and prominent member of the Order of Friends; born in 1818, died in Wilmington, Delaware, May 24.

CHRISTIAN THOMSEN, merchant and philanthropist, created a Baronet and decorated by the Emperor of Brazil, and by the King of Portugal and President of Venezuela; born in Holstein, Germany, March 21, 1820, died in New York City, May 28.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The Change in European Sentiment

A marked shifting of the wind beyond the broad Atlantic quickly followed Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham. It was the most noticeable in France and Germany. Rumors that the United States Government would decline to take part in the Paris Exposition of 1900, and that our wives and daughters would boycott the dressmakers and milliners of Paris, both because of the unfriendly attitude of France toward us, seem to have produced a rather startling effect there. Other causes led to a change in Germany, probably the speed with which we organized effective fleets and armies, and a knowledge of the vast resources back of all our present great expenditure, influenced the warrior Emperor.

It may be that the real import of Mr. Chamberlain's words called a halt in adverse criticism and ungenerous reflection. At all events, the atmosphere suddenly became clarified, and in a single day, not only from France and Germany, but from lesser quarters also, came official, semi-official, and other influential protestations of extreme amity and sympathy, coupled with surprise that we should have imagined other sentiments possible in regard to us.

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Military Rule in the Philippines

The Philippine Islands having been included in the newly created Military Department of the Pacific are now officially considered a part of the territory of the United States. Other countries would regard them, as Spain did, as constituting a colonial possession, and would govern them civilly but with a strong protective military force. The United States, however, has outgrown colonial forms and till the final disposition of the islands is determined it will give them a military government.

This government in essentials will be similar to that provided for the Southern States during the reconstruction period. General Merritt, as Commander of the department, will be the chief executive, and, while his course of action will be based on military law he will exercise or have exercised such an amount of civil procedure as may seem necessary under the unique circumstances. He will collect all revenues and taxes for account of the United States, which may apply the funds to the payment of the expenses of the war and of the administration of the islands, and in will doubtless treat the islands as a large American State, in which, however, the military authority will dominate.

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The Magnitude of American Railways

The Interstate Commerce Commission, reporting on the railroad business of the United States at the end of the fiscal year 1896-7, just issued, gives to 744 roads a total mileage of 180,027, or about ninety-seven per cent. of the whole mileage of the country. This is nearly 70,000 miles more than the total mileage of Europe, within 5,000 of the total of America, and nearly forty-two per cent. of the total mileage of the world. The gross earnings of the year were $1,11[illegible]; the operating expenses, $[illegible]; dividends declared, $57,290,519, and credit to income account, $1,412,399. Illinois heads the States with the largest mileage, nearly 12,000, and is followed in their order by Pennsylvania, Texas, Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, New York and Michigan, all with over [illegible] miles. The greatest railroad countries of Europe, in four order, are Germany, France, Russia, Great Britain and Ireland and Austria-Hungary, and the mileage of Germany is less than 29,000 - not as much as that of Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Iowa.

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New Adjuncts to War Squadrons

Veterans of the Civil War serving in the Navy find much that is new in the organization and management of a large fleet. The marine fighting machine of to-day is a ponderous instrument of destruction carrying with it nothing that will hinder its mission. The peculiarities of the present war, the long coast line that has to be protected, the long voyages that have been forced on our fleets and the widely separated points of strategic importance that have to be covered, deprive our fleets of many advantages that were available in the Civil War. As the fleets can take with them only a limited supply of necessities, it has been found imperative to provide the squadrons with additional vessels, not fighters. Hence, we now have special vessels for carrying coal, food, water and ice, vessels that are huge machine-shops, fitted with all needful apparatus for repairing injuries to the fighting ships, and vessels that are great hospitals, to which the wounded may be speedily transferred. Some of these adjuncts are novelties in warfare, and all are provided to insure the greatest amount of fighting by the vessels built to fight. It is by them that our squadrons carry their base of supplies and can remain longer at sea.

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The Presbyterian Church on Heresy

This year's meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was characterized by a spirit more than ordinarily conservative and conciliatory. The practical failure of the Church to discipline the Union and Lane Theological Seminaries, and the existent conditions that drove the Rev. Profs. Charles A. Briggs and Charles W. Shields to the Protestant Episcopal Church doubtless made it evident that alleged cases of heresy must be treated quite differently by that body in the future.

The Assembly had before it the case of the Rev. Prof. Arthur C. McGiffert, charged with heretical declarations in a book he had published on "A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age." After an exhaustive debate, the Assembly adopted, almost unanimously, the recommendation that if Doctor McGiffert could not conform his views to the standards of the Church he should peaceably withdraw from its ministry. What is more important, it has also made the following declaration touching heresy: "The Assembly indeed desires the fullest and freest investigation and inquiry on the part of reverent Christian students into the foundations of the Christian faith, but it deprecates everything which, whether in its substance or in the form of its expression, needlessly disturbs the faith of Christian people."

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Japan and the Independence of Corea

If it means what it says, the agreement between Russia and Japan, recognizing the independence of Corea, will give Japan the superior influence in that distracted country, a concession it is hard to believe [illegible]uld make. Both empires engage [illegible]m from direct interference in the internal affairs of Corea, and to refuse to give that country any assistance or advice without a previous mutual understanding. All that is plain. The strange part, knowing how insistent Russia is to gain control of the commercial interests centring in that part of the East, is that Russia recognizes the large development of commercial and industrial enterprises in Corea by Japan, and agrees not to impede in any way the enlargement and control of those relations by Japan. This concession is significant just now in view of the facts that but a few months ago Russia seemed determined to dominate Corea, and that she has a large grievance against Great Britain, who has been making a staunch and trusted friend of Japan.

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What Concert of Nations Means

When the relations between the United States and Spain reached the acute stage, the concert of the nations was invoked in several European capitals as a possible agency through which hostilities might be averted. In the relations which the United States holds with the nations of the earth, it is not likely that this concert will ever have much influence with our Government. Nor is it likely that the concert will ever seriously make such an attempt.

What is or was the concert of nations? Simply the joint action of several European nations in a question or situation in which each had some interest. Action in concert might be for the purpose of intimidation, coercion, or protection of a weak nation. Mediation in international complications is seldom attempted by one nation without an invitation from one of the parties in trouble. Friendly offers of "good offices" are common, but an offer must be accepted before a third party, man or nation, is justified in interference. Much less than formerly is there now a disposition for one nation to interfere in the secondary affairs of another.

There are but three notable instances of what might be termed an organization of nations for concerted action. First, what is known diplomatically as the concert of the Great Powers, consisting of Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, France, Italy, and Turkey, which united in the Berlin Congress, in 1878, to decide certain questions that grew out of the war between Russia and Turkey in the previous year. Because Turkey was a party to the agreement of the Congress, the other Powers [illegible]med the right to force her to live up to her pledges, and several times they have acted in concert toward her, as in the cases of the Armenians, the Cretans, and the Greeks. A second compact is that between Great Britain, Russia, France and Austria, originally including also Sardinia and Prussia, signed in Paris in 1856. This is the treaty that abolished privateering so far as the nations are concerned that then or afterward acceded to this declaration. The third instance is that of the Dreibund, or triple alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy, which was formed for mutual protection in case of attack by other Powers.

Secret alliances, formed for various mutual interests, are popularly supposed to exist between France and Russia, Great Britain and Japan, Germany and China, and between several of the Central and South American republics. The United States, it is almost unnecessary to state, is not united with any nation for strictly political purposes.

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Cable-Cutting in Warfare Justified

The cutting of the cable between Manila and Hong Kong, by Commodore Dewey, and, later, of those connecting Cuba with the rest of the world, by Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, has led to an ineffectual search for authorities on the right of a belligerent to thus isolate its enemy [illegible]thing of an international character [illegible]g on the subject is one of a number of articles adopted at the International Telegraphic Convention of 1884, which says:

> "It is well understood that the stipulations of the present convention do not interfere in any way with the freedom of action of belligerents."

The convention provided all the protection deemed necessary for submarine cables in time of peace, but uttered nothing excepting the article quoted on the risks of war. In the absence of any prohibition of an international character, therefore, one belligerent is fully justified in depriving the other of all means of communication with his friends.

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Rating and Naming Our War Vessels

The vessels in the United States Navy are "rated" or classified according to their displacement in tons. Under the naval regulation of 1893, all vessels having displacement of five thousand tons and upward are classified as first rates, all between five thousand and three thousand tons as second rates; all be[illegible] thousand and one thousand tons [illegible]d rates and all of less than one thousand tons as fourth rates. In type of battleship the vessels are known as first-class battle ships, second-class battle ships, armored cruisers, protected cruisers; partially protected cruisers; double-turret monitors, single-turret monitors, gunboats, torpedo boats, tugs, sailing ships and receiving ships. There are also several vessels of a special type, as the barbette turret low freeboard monitor Monterey, the harbor defense ram Katahdin, the torpedo ram Alarm, and the dynamite gun vessel Vesuvius. As a result of the war with Spain, the Navy now has a large number of vessels that require a special classification. The large mercantile steamships that have been bought and converted into war vessels are designated as auxiliary cruisers, and, like the regular vessels of the service, are rated according to displacement.

The naming of our war-vessels is based on a[illegible], but in the present emergency there has been some departure from it. In general, first-rate vessels are named after the States of the Union; second rates after cities; third rates after events or persons and places connected with our naval history, and fourth rates after lakes and rivers in the United States. More specifically, first and second class battle ships are named after the States; cruisers of each class after cities; torpedo boats after dead naval officers; gunboats after towns, and monitors after American Indian tribes. Auxiliary craft of all kinds are named regardless of regulation.

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How War is Affecting Business

Despite the war, and in a large [illegible]ure because of it, the commercial, industrial and financial conditions of the United States are in excellent shape. The phenomenal crops of last year are likely to be far exceeded this year. The foreign demand for our surplus grain is largely increased. In the face of the costly interruption of our foreign trade by the war, experts estimate that the balance of trade in our favor will amount to $600,000,000. Contrary to expectation, the flow of gold to our ports still continues. The metallic industries, especially iron, gold, and copper, show in many quarters a much larger movement than usual. Manufacturing generally has been greatly quickened and improved. It is true the Army has drawn hundreds from the industries, but the war has called many others to employment, and developed new activi-

Victories Under the Flag

After constant cruising in search of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera, Commodore Sch[illegible] was convinced that the Spaniards would seek either the [illegible]arbor of Santiago de Cuba or that of Cienfuegos. The squadron under [illegible]hley visited both places. Circumstances indicated that Cervera preferred Santiago. Schley made a feint of withdrawing from its vicinity, and on the disappearance of the United States vessels Cervera took his ships through the narrow entrance and anchored in the upper harbor. Schley steamed down and blockaded the Spaniard in the port of his own choice.

Schley personally satisfied himself that Cervera's ships were within the harbor, and then on [illegible]ly 1 his squadron rounded the [illegible]. Westward, eastward, desirous of a glimpse [illegible]e battery at the entrance. Schley with the Iowa, Massa[illegible]etts, and New Orleans, began bombarding the works. The bombardment lasted less than an hour, and the three United States vessels fought the Castelnau Colon, the Spanish flagship, four torpedo batteries, and even the flagship up into the inner harbor, and practically demolished three of the batteries, neither of the United States vessels being struck once. Having a [illegible]his object, Commodore Schley withdrew his vessels to prepare for more decisive operations.

A communication from the Secretary of War to the Speaker of the House of Representatives first officially disclosed the plans for the immediate invasion of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. An expedition of men and military stores was safely landed in Cuba; more troops and the Monitor Monadnock and Bennington were detailed to relieve Admiral Dewey; the President's call for 75,000 volunteers was fully recruited and mustered, as well as a large part of the call for 75,000 additional men. Dewey continued to hold his own at Manila, and at the time of writing it was believed that the squadrons of Sampson and Schley had united, and that an expedition with siege guns had landed near Santiago.

One of the most daring and brilliant naval exploits in history was performed on June 3, when Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson and seven men took the steamer Merrimac into the narrow mouth of the bay at Santiago de Cuba and sunk her directly across the channel, thus preventing the escape of the Spanish vessels in the harbor. Hobson and his companions escaped death in a small boat, rowed to the Spanish flagship, and were taken on board as prisoners of war. During the week the remaining cables connecting Cuba with the rest of the world, and the small loops uniting various parts of the island, were cut by American vessels. A sensational disclosure was made of the existence and work of a Spanish spy system in the United States with headquarters in Montreal, and an incriminating letter by Lieut. Ramon Carranza, the head of the system, was captured and published. The Commanders of all the vessels in Rear Admiral Dewey's fleet were advanced several numbers on the Navy list for meritorious services in battle. The War Revenue bill of the House of Representatives was amended and finally passed in the Senate, and it was then returned to the House for concurrence.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

VII

THE RAVEN

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

WITH A DRAWING BY LEYENDECKER

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you——" Here I opened wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Than the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore—
Of 'Nevermore—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore—
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then me thought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

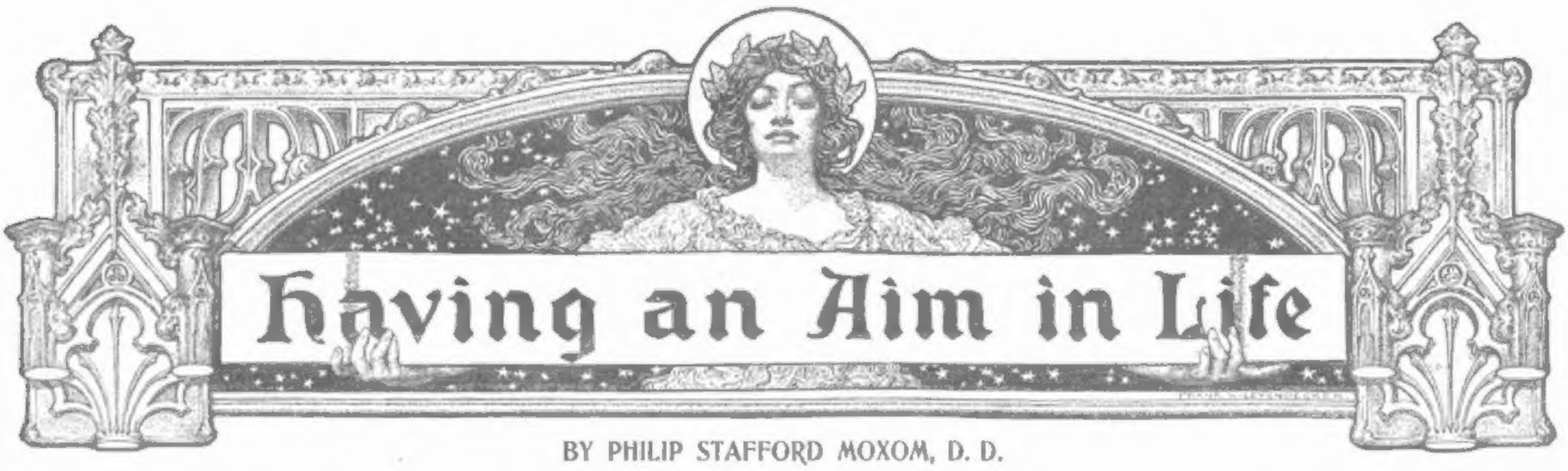
And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

"BUT, WITH MIEN OF LORD OR LADY,
PERCHED ABOVE MY CHAMBER DOOR—
PERCHED UPON A BUST OF PALLAS,
JUST ABOVE MY CHAMBER DOOR—
PERCHED, AND SAT, AND NOTHING MORE"

EDITOR'S NOTE—The seventh of a series of famous poems selected by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and published weekly, with illustrations from original drawings. A biographic sketch of the author of each poem, with a portrait wherever possible, will be given. The selections that have already appeared are as follows:

I—Absolution,	by E. Nesbit,	May 28
II—Thanatopsis,	by William Cullen Bryant,	June 4
III—There is No Death,	by J. L. McCreery,	June 4
IV—The Children,	by Charles M. Dickinson,	June 11
V—The Jolly Old Pedagogue,	by George Arnold,	June 11
VI—The Smack in School,	by William Pitt Palmer,	June 11
VII—The Raven,	by Edgar Allan Poe,	June 18

See page 10 of this issue for the story of how The Raven was written.



Having an Aim in Life

BY PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Three

IT IS the high distinction of man that he is capable of living with an aim—that is, with a purpose which, reaching through all his life, unifies it, and gives it directness and force. An aim in life is impossible to creatures that have no reason. It would be impossible to man if he were an automaton—if he were not a rational, free personality, having duty and a destiny. There is, then, a singular abdication of his real dignity by the man whose life is without purpose; and there is no more serious and important matter for the young to consider than just this one of life's aim. It is important because it intimately concerns success, and, still more, because it concerns the development of character.

The aim of life includes both an object or end toward which the life moves, and a purpose which impels to that end. By this phrase I now mean the supreme object and the ruling purpose of life. The aim of life is that which creates life's tendency, and supremely determines conduct. Conduct, in the long run, must be consistent with our ruling purpose, for it is this which qualifies and directs conduct. What you are supremely living for determines the course you are taking year in and year out. The definite trend of your life discovers your aim. It is not something outside of you, compelling you this way or that; it is you—the complex of your generic choices and volitions.

Always you are moving somewhither, and you are becoming somewhat; and the direction which you are now taking, the character which you are now forming, becoming fixed, the success or failure of your life is unchangeably determined.

That is the most critical moment in your experience when you consciously and deliberately ask: "Whither am I going; what am I becoming in thought and character?"

Then, if ever, is the choice made, the purpose formed, which henceforth makes your life-story easy to read. Many young people step upon the threshold of responsible life and, amid the multitude of eager self-questionings that rise in their hearts, the one chief question scarcely appears. They ask, "How can I best earn a living? What trade or profession shall I learn? What business shall I follow? How can I get an education? How can I secure pleasure? How can I make a fortune?" but deeper than all these are the questions that give meaning to all the rest: "What am I living for? What shall be the supreme purpose of my life?"

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The thoughts that I wish to present to you gather themselves about three propositions:

The first of these is: Every one ought consciously to have an aim in life. Whether he is conscious of it or not, every one has a ruling tendency; but every one should have a controlling and persistent purpose in life. No one has a right to live aimlessly, for no one has a right to abandon reason and self-control, and consent to be a mere waif drifting hither and thither like some plaything of the winds. We are endowed with powers that make us capable of good and often great achievement. We are gifted with reason and conscience, and will, in order that we may both become and do that which is noble and beneficent.

"For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,"

if they live without any purpose that is essentially higher than the instincts which prompt them to eat, and sleep, and propagate their kind?

But, besides being ignoble, a purposeless life is inefficient; to aim at nothing is to hit nothing. The cannon-ball strikes somewhere, indeed, though the cannon be fired at random. So each of us is moving toward some end, though that end, undetermined by choice and rational endeavor, demonstrates the futility and failure of a life. Each soul should be, not the missile aimlessly flung upon destiny by external forces—not the ball that flies wildly to an unperceived mark—but the gunner that aims his piece, and, with conscious purpose and an inherent propulsive force, sends the ball to a definite goal. Many men fall short of that at which they aim, and some men attain more or other than the specific object which they sought; but no one who has lived with a purpose has failed of a certain efficiency.

Of first importance, then, in the consideration of the question as to what your life shall be, is the fact that you cannot avoid moving toward some end, good or bad, and that it is your duty to move consciously in the line of a clearly defined purpose.

The second proposition that I would present to you is: The supreme aim of life should be consonant with the nature and capabilities of the whole man. The chief end sought should be such as to bring to their highest development all our powers, mental and spiritual. It should be comprehensive enough to include all right temporal ends, and of such moral excellence and attractive force as to subordinate to itself in complete harmony all the limitless detail of our daily choices, plans and endeavors.

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It is a principle of practical ethics that every man should aim to do some one thing in this world supremely well; and in order to attain the highest efficiency, it is necessary that each should do that for which, by temperament and training, he is best fitted. There is a natural division of labor indicated by natural aptitudes: one man is born with a special aptitude for trade, another for invention, another for teaching, another for mechanics, another for persuasion and argument. No man can do all things, or even many things, equally well; efficiency inexorably demands concentration of effort. Definiteness of aim in life's work is a chief factor in successful achievement.

If you are fitted to be a mechanic, be a mechanic, and such a mechanic that those about you will find your services indispensable. If you are fitted to make shoes, make shoes, and such shoes as all the world will wish to walk in them. If you are fitted to be a farmer, be a farmer, and with such assiduity and skill that the earth will give to you, as to a master, the meed of her most abundant harvests. Be artisan, be engineer, be merchant, be lawyer, be physician, be teacher, be artist, be poet, be a worker, a producer of values, a true servant of your fellow-men—and, whatever you do, do that with all your energy; only thus can you attain success.

All these ends in the sphere of utility are relative; they are not ultimate. No man has a right to be a mere tool, a mere wheel or spindle in the great manufactory of the world; and no man can rest with lasting satisfaction in the achievement of any material end. He whose entire mind is concentrated on some temporal object, who seeks only success in business, or eminence at the bar, or fame in literature, will find at last that there are capabilities in his nature for which he has not provided. He may reach what he aimed at—wealth, power, pleasure, fame—and be, after all, essentially a poor creature. No earthly and selfish pursuit can absorb the whole of a man's thought and desire without doing him irreparable harm. What is more pitiable than a rich man with a little soul, or a learned man with a starved and shriveled heart? Manhood is of more worth than money; character is more precious than craft or skill. Fullness of being is superior to encyclopædic learning; the graces of gentleness and pity and love are more beautiful than all the accomplishments of art. Integrity and wisdom and chivalrous temper are better than power and fame. Completeness in life is attained only in the line of some aim which, including any or every temporary end, and giving it worth, reaches beyond earth and time to find its full scope in the eternal life of the soul.

Our discussion has prepared us, now, for the third proposition: The one aim which fulfills all the conditions of a perfect aim is that indicated in the familiar words, "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." Let us interpret largely, for in religion and morals the large interpretation is always the most likely to be right. "Fear God,"—that is, believe in God with the reverence that is the soul of true worship, and the love that is the spring of true obedience. "Fear God and keep His commandments" is the comprehensive formula of practical righteousness, "for," as the wise man pithily adds, "this is the whole duty of man." Here are presented both object and purpose great enough to comprehend the entire range of human aspiration and endeavor.

(1) It is the highest conceivable, for God is the ultimate Excellence; He is the source and Sovereign, and goal of life. He is supremely holy; to serve Him perfectly is to become like Him, therefore to attain the highest excellence. He is supremely good; therefore to love Him perfectly is to attain the greatest blessedness. He is supremely wise; therefore to obey Him perfectly is to be in absolute security, and at the same time to be in the realm of absolute liberty. It is the nature of man to grow like him whom he devotedly serves. God is the absolute ideal of mortal beings. The goal of the finite spirit is likeness to the Infinite Spirit, and participation in the infinitude of His beauty and power and joy; to aim at less than this is to sink below the divinest possibility of our nature, which derives its being from Deity.

(2) This aim is the broadest conceivable, for it includes all that is good. It is consonant with our whole nature; it brings under one perfect law body, mind and spirit, and thus coördinates all our capacities and powers. For God calls a man to be upright and pure and generous, but He also calls him to be intelligent, and skillful, and strong, and brave. You can have no excellence of mind or heart, or of body even, which has not place in the true ideal of godliness. You can have no grace of person, or power of hand and brain, that has not place and use in God's scheme of human life. There is thus the widest scope for a true ambition. There is nothing that it is right to do, and that it is worth doing well, but will be done better when the motive does not exhaust itself in the specific achievement, but goes on to God.

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Adam Bede very rightly thought that, "Good carpentry is God's will," and that "scamped work of any sort is a moral abomination"; and he was wiser than he knew when he said: "I know a man must have the love o' God in his soul, and the Bible's God's word. But what does the Bible say? Why, it says as God put His sperrit into the workman as built the tabernacle, to make him do all the carved work and things as wanted a nice hand. And this is my way o' looking at it, there's the sperrit o' God in all things and all times—week-day as well as Sunday—and i' the great works and inventions, and i' the figuring and the mechanics. And God helps us with our head-pieces and our hands as well as with our souls; and if a man does bits o' jobs out o' working hours, builds a oven for 's wife to save her from going to the bakehouse, or scrats at his bit o' garden and makes two potatoes grow instead of one—he's doing more good, and he's just as near to God as if he was running after some preacher and a-praying and a-groaning." There is the best sort of practical theology in these homely phrases.

Commerce, mechanics, statesmanship, literature, and art are all consecrated in the thought of him who works for God. Think you Angelo did not reach nobler results because he carved his own faith in forms of breathing marble, and painted it abroad in the glory of his frescoes? Think you Hugh Miller read the story of the rocks less eagerly and carefully because he felt he was reading the thoughts of God written deep in the strata of the earth? Think you Carey made poorer shoes because while he stitched and hammered at his cobbler's-bench the love of God made melody in his heart, and great schemes of missionary enterprise took shape in his mind? My young friends, the true service of God is so broad, so inspiring, so strong and pure in its motives, that by it all life is lifted to a higher plane. No honest work is sordid when done for Him.

When all that you do is truly done for God, you escape that bondage in which so many men labor—the bondage to the material and temporal. How much work is mere grind in a dull round of days without horizon; how much work, indeed, seems linked with peril to our best selves! We are depressed or corrupted by our very labor.

"Nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

There is danger even in achievement; but you may win wealth safely when you win it for God, for then, through you, it becomes ministrant to humanity. You may grasp power without harm when you seek it and wield it for Him; you may covet the magic charm of poetry and art without rebuke, when you make it a service to Him.

Get learning, get skill, get culture, get power; the more the better, if these are got that you may the more fruitfully serve God. Make the most and the best possible of yourselves for Him; He is worthy of all that you can win and offer, and He takes delight in all our attainment.

(3) Then again, this aim is open to all, and is attainable to all. You may not be great as the world measures greatness; but you may be good with the goodness of God, and that is to be great at last, for there is no true greatness that is not goodness. You may not be rich in houses and lands, but you may be rich in knowledge and virtue; and such riches no fire can burn and no thief can plunder. You may not be skillful in invention and art, but you may be, which is better, skillful in the art of living patiently and bravely in the midst of trial. You may not have power to move multitudes to your purpose by the spell of genius, but you may have the finer power of giving comfort to many a troubled heart. This you may have, the joy of living purely and helpfully, and of seeing in every vicissitude of life the guiding hand of your Heavenly Father.

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Here, then, is an aim in life which draws the soul upward and not downward, which is so broad as to give scope to every power of your nature, and which is attainable by all who seek. What do you think of it? You are beginning (or have you just begun?) the serious business of life; your heads are full of wishes and hopes and fears. Some of you look forward with buoyant spirits to the prize which you covet. Some of you, perhaps, are beset by anxious forebodings; the struggle for bread makes the day dingy and the future dark. Life is God's precious gift to you; what will you do with it? Now your ideals are forming; now you are shaping that conception of life which will rule all your future action. Nobility of thought and aspiration is natural to the young heart. Most young men have a native capacity for chivalry and uprightness; a sordid and selfish youth, a youth without generous impulses and pure aspirations, shocks us; and, says Theodore Munger, "There is no misfortune comparable to a youth without a sense of nobility. Better be born blind than not to see the glory of life."

To you, life, though it is still vague, is sweet and full of promise. What will you do with it? What is your real aim in life? The voice of God is commanding you to a purpose and aim, and inviting you to a service which, welcomed and accepted, will make your life pure, beautiful and divine.

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly.
Fall not for sorrow, falter not for sin;
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win."

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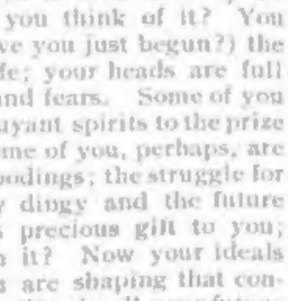
PHILIP STAFFORD MOXOM, D. D.



was born in Markham, Canada, August 10, 1848. He removed with his parents, when quite a child, to Illinois, and received his early education at DeKalb. After having served in the Union Army, he entered Kalamazoo College in 1866. Early in 1871 he engaged in the study of law, but abandoned it for the work of the ministry. He was ordained at Bellevue, Michigan, on September 19, 1871. In 1876 he removed to New York State in order to pursue his studies at the theological seminary at Rochester. In 1878 he was called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Cleveland, Ohio. In 1885 he accepted a unanimous call from the First Baptist Church of Boston. He resigned in 1894 to become pastor of the South Congregational Church, of Springfield, Massachusetts. In 1892 he received the degree of D. D. from Brown University.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST Series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon is taken from The Culture of Christian Manhood, being sermons preached in Battell Chapel, Yale University. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. The first five are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

Chickamauga—1898

THEY are camped on Chickamauga!
Once again the white tents gleam
On that field where vanished heroes
Sleep the sleep that knows no dream.
There are shadows all about them
Of the ghostly troops to-day,
But they light the common campfire—
Those who wore the blue and gray.

Where the pines of Georgia tower,
Where the mountains kiss the sky,
On their arms the nation's warriors
Wait to hear the battle-cry;
Wait together, friends and brothers,
And the heroes 'neath their feet
Sleep the long and dreamless slumber
Where the flowers are blooming sweet.

Sentries, passe, yon shadow challenge!
Rock-ribbed Thomas goes that way—
He who fought the foe unyielding
In that awful battle fray.
Yonder pass the shades of heroes,
And they follow where Bragg leads
Through the meadows and the river,
But no ghost the sentry heeds.

Field of fame, a patriot army
Treads thy sacred sod to-day!
And they'll face a common foeman,
Those who wore the blue and gray;
And they'll fight for common country,
And they'll charge to victory
'Neath the folds of one brave banner—
Starry banner of the free!

They are camped on Chickamauga,
Where the green tents of the dead
Turn the soil into a glory,
Where a Nation's heart once bled;
But they're clasping hands together
On this storied field of strife—
Brothers brave who meet to battle
In the freedom-war of life!

—Baltimore News.

The Richest Church in the World

THE distinction of being the wealthiest church to be found anywhere is said to rest with Trinity Church, Broadway, New York. In 1892 its estate was returned at $9,000,000, and at the present moment it is worth considerably more than $10,000,000.

Two centuries back there was an old farm on Manhattan Island, which was made over by Royal grant, in 1705, to Trinity. That farm is now the heart of business New York, and a succession of thoroughfares built on those pastures figure on the rent-roll of Trinity. It neither hoards nor wastes its wealth. The mother church has built a number of chapels; it makes grants to twenty-four poor parishes, and supports parochial schools and charities.

For the benefit of the sinners, bankers, brokers, and money-changers of Wall Street, its doors stand always open; and many a visitor turns in, perhaps, to admire the chaste reredos, but at any rate to recall that, when the Revolutionary flood swept over the States a hundred years ago, old Trinity stood firm in its loyalty. Here the rector defied the insurgent leaders, and said prayers "for his Most Gracious Majesty, King George," and kept on saying them until some of the parsons were driven out of the country to Canada and Nova Scotia. Now, of course, they have become reconciled at Trinity to petitions for the "President of the United States and the Governor of this State."

Counting in Their Sleep

HOW firemen manage to hear in their sleep the right signal, while they sleep right through any number that concerns the next company, not them, is one of the mysteries that will probably always remain unsolved, says Jacob A. Rüs, in the Century. "I don't know," said a Department Chief when I once asked him. "I guess it is the same way with everybody. You hear what you have to hear. There is a gong right over my bed at home, and I hear every stroke of it, but I don't hear the baby. My wife hears the baby if it as much as stirs in its crib, but not the gong." Very likely he is right. The fact that the fireman can hear and count correctly the strokes of the gong, in his sleep, has meant life to many hundreds, and no end of property saved; for it is in the early moments of a fire that it can be dealt with summarily.

How the Senses May Become Keen

YOU often hear people speak of the instinct of animals, and how sharp their sense of hearing is, says the Outlook. A deer will hear the breaking of a twig, and will seem to know the difference when the breaking of the twig is caused by the wind and when caused by the movement of a man who is getting ready to shoot him. We know that the senses of wild animals are very much more acute, sharper, keener than those of man. Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, had an experience which proves that the senses of man can be sharpened under certain conditions. After his long sojourn in the north, where there was nothing but ice and snow about him for weeks, and the air was cold, keen and dry, Dr. Nansen found that he could detect the odor of the soap used by the first men he met from civilization, and he says that as he approached the first house on Franz Josef Land he felt that he could smell everything there was in the house, so keen had that sense become. He questions whether, if a man were to live wild like the animals, the sense of smell would not become as keen as in animals. We know that the Adirondack guides will see paths through the woods that those who are with them, accustomed to city sights and sounds, cannot detect. Following these paths in the woods where the underbrush is high, they will as unerringly go through this apparently trackless place as we would walk along our village or city streets. The keenness of vision and of the senses of smell and touch are the protection of wild animals against their enemy, man; for the hunted creatures of the woods learn to think that men are their enemies and that they must avoid them.

Don't Cross Your Legs

DON'T cross your legs! Not only is it bad form, but it is one of the worst things in the world for a man or woman, says the Journal of Good Health. It is particularly injurious for women to sit with one leg swung over the knee of the other.

Many have often wondered how in the world they have contracted a splitting headache, or why their feet get so cold at times.

These two troubles, and a score of others, are due solely, in many cases, to the common habit of seeking comfort by crossing the legs.

Cold feet, varicose veins, headache, ulcers, and countless other troubles arising from improper circulation of the blood in the lower limbs, are caused by the pernicious habit of crossing the legs.

If you cross your right leg over the left knee you will notice that the whole weight of the suspended right leg is sustained by the left knee, which places all of the pressure against that under part of your right leg between the calf and the knee-cap. Now, any school text-book on physiology will show that just in the very spot where all the pressure is placed there is a great number of large veins, nerves and arteries.

The mere fact of putting undue pressure against this spot, in either leg, has the effect of crowding all these tissues together, and the circulation of the life-giving fluid is materially interfered with. Of course, the absence of a plentiful supply of blood to the legs and feet causes them to become so susceptible to cold air that the least draft makes the feet become annoyingly cold.

Capturing a Fortress Without Blood

HALF a century ago this Government purchased the first merchant steamer for conversion into a war-vessel, says the New York Journal. She was fitted out for active service on the lines followed to-day. In 1846 the Naval authorities paid $30,000 for the iron steamer Bangor, which caused the surrender of the Mexican fortress Alvarado without firing a shot or spilling one drop of blood. The fortress had twice repulsed the American Navy, but it fell before the Scourge—the Bangor as it was then called.

This historical vessel, which was the first of her kind built in this country, was constructed at Wilmington, Delaware, and plied in the freight and passenger trade between Bangor and Boston. Her hull, of iron, was one hundred and thirty-one feet over all, twenty-three feet beam, and nine feet depth of hold. When it was purchased by the Government she was re-named the Scourge, and sent out to help subdue the Mexicans.

Shortly after the fall of Vera Cruz the Scourge made her famous bloodless assault on Alvarado. The Naval force of the United States had made two futile attempts to capture the fortress, and had assembled for a third assault, when word came that the iron Scourge had saved Commodore Conley all further trouble.

The third advance was made with a great display of power. On March 30, 1847, the whole fleet left Vera Cruz for Alvarado. Regiments from Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama represented the Army. There were also a squadron of cavalry and one section of light artillery, the whole being under the command of General Quitman. The Naval force, in charge of Commodore Conley, comprised these vessels of war: the Frigate Potomac, and steamers Mississippi, Vixen, Spitfire and Waterwitch, sloop-of-war St. Mary's, brig Porpoise, one bomb ketch, five small gun schooners, sloop-of-war Albany, and the Scourge.

The latter had been sent on, some days in advance, to reconnoitre, while the fleet stuck together for a combined assault. But this imposing display of power was wholly unnecessary. Before the fleet hove in sight of Alvarado, the amazing intelligence was conveyed by messenger that the heretofore impregnable Mexican fortress had surrendered to Lieutenant Hunter, of the Scourge. The aspect of the iron cruiser took all the fight out of the Mexicans, and they were glad to make terms at any price.

Alone and unaided, Lieutenant Hunter and his gallant little Scourge won laurels that might have gone to Commodore Conley and the other officers of the fleet. But his triumph brought about the disgrace of Hunter through jealousy on the part of the Commanders who had twice failed to take Alvarado. The Lieutenant was arrested, court-martialed, and virtually dismissed from the service. He was afterward reinstated by the President under pressure of vigorous public opinion.

Ancestors by the Million

PEOPLE who are pining for an ancestry had better contemplate the table given here before they go into the business of encouraging the growth of a family tree.

In 300 years, it is estimated, one man's blood would be diffused through the veins of 1,015,302 people.

What would be the proportion if they were to go back to 1066 A. D.?

Parents	2
Grandparents	4
Great grandparents	8
Great (twice) grandparents	16
Great (3) grandparents	32
Great (4) grandparents	64
Great (5) grandparents	128
Great (6) grandparents	256
Great (7) grandparents	512
Great (8) grandparents	1,024
Great (9) grandparents	2,048
Great (10) grandparents	4,096
Great (11) grandparents	8,192
Great (12) grandparents	16,384
Great (13) grandparents	32,768
Great (14) grandparents	65,536
Great (15) grandparents	131,072
Great (16) grandparents	262,144
Great (17) grandparents	524,288
Great (18) grandparents	1,048,576
Great (19) grandparents	2,097,152
Great (20) grandparents	4,194,304
Great (21) grandparents	8,388,608
Great (22) grandparents	16,777,216
Great (23) grandparents	33,554,432
Total ancestors since A. D. 1066	67,108,862

The Greatest River in the World

HOW many Americans know that there is no river system on earth which even distantly compares with that of the Mississippi and its tributaries? The census tells us that these rivers, all flowing through one channel into the Gulf of Mexico, aggregate more than 100,000 miles in length. The Amazon, the Nile, the Ganges, and all the rest of the great river systems on earth, put together, scarcely approach this magnificent showing. A steamboat leaving Pittsburg can visit twenty-three States without passing through any artificial channel. She can go up the Allegheny and Monongahela, the Big Sandy, the Kentucky, the Wabash, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland—clear into Alabama—before reaching the mouth of the Ohio. Below Cairo she can traverse not only the Mississippi but the St. Francois, the Arkansas, the White, the Red, the Yazoo, the Tallahatchee, the Yalobusha, the Ouachita, the great bayous, and all the tributaries of these streams, making hundreds of miles.

A Millionaire in a Moment

IT FALLS to the lot of few men to make the discovery that they are standing on a mine of gems of fabulous value. This good fortune has recently befallen Mr. T. C. Bassett, a mining expert, whose keen eye and a stroke of luck converted him in a moment from a poor man to be master of millions, says Titbits. Mr. Bassett, who is attached as expert to a mining corporation in South America, was on a short visit to relatives in California, when it occurred to him that he might utilize some of his time prospecting for gold. His wanderings took him in the direction of the famous Death Valley, where one day he mounted a small cone-shaped hill in order to get a better view of the surrounding country. He was about to descend the hill, to continue his tramp, when a patch of blue at his feet arrested his attention. Bassett's trained eye recognized in the blue patch the "blue float," which is a sure indication of the presence of turquoises in the soil. He lost no time in locating a claim, and was soon hard at work with pick and shovel. His most sanguine expectations were more than realized, for at the depth of six feet he found the "boxite vein," which was thickly studded with beautiful stones. The deeper he dug the more magnificent were the gems, and within a fortnight he was able to return to San Francisco with no less than seventy pounds of the most brilliant and flawless turquoises that have ever been discovered.

The Wages of Kings and Queens

THE Royal family of England costs the British Government, in round numbers, $3,000,000 annually, says Information. Of this large sum, the Queen receives nearly $2,000,000 a year, besides the revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, which amount to a quarter of a million. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives $100,000 a year for his services and expenses, and the Prince of Wales $200,000 a year. The President of France receives $240,000 a year and all expenses—an enormous salary, when it is remembered that the Republic is groaning under a stupendous National debt of over $6,000,000,000—the largest debt that was ever incurred by any nation in the world. Italy can have ten thousand men slaughtered in Abyssinia and still pay her King $2,600,000 every year. The civil list of the German Emperor is about $4,000,000 a year, beside large revenues from vast estates belonging to the Royal family. The Czar of all the Russias owns in fee simple 1,000,000 square miles of cultivated land, and enjoys an income of $12,000,000. The King of Spain, little Alphonso XIII, if he is of a saving disposition, will be one of the richest sovereigns in Europe when he comes of age. The state allows him $1,400,000 a year, with an additional $600,000 for family expenses. We are said to be the richest nation on earth, and the nation most able to afford to pay the largest salary to the head of its government, yet our President's salary is only $50,000 a year. It was only $25,000 from 1789 to 1873.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Described Completely -*In Brief*

Señorita Montenar, by Archer P. Crouch.—Here is a book which pleasantly illustrates the Renaissance of the novel of adventure. John Wildash, the hero of the story, dismissed from the English Navy for an act of insubordination, attempts to start life anew at Valparaiso. He soon becomes Captain of a merchantman, but with fortune about to smile on him again he loses his service on the merchantman because of a duel fought with the son of the ship-owner. After a short time of adversity, Wildash brings himself to the notice of Lord Cochrane (who has come over to South America to command the Patriots' Navy in the Chilian War of Independence), and becomes one of the most trusted officers of the English Admiral. Then the adventures of Wildash begin in earnest, nor are they any the less interesting because we get certain glimpses of love-making and a pleasurable acquaintance with Señorita Montenar, a young woman who has enough spirit and individuality to be made the title character. Mr. Crouch has written with breeziness, his story is vivid, and the material which he uses is fresh and unhackneyed. The fact that Wildash is fighting against the Spaniards will not fail to win for him even greater sympathy than that given the average hero of fiction at the present time. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

•

Reminiscences, by M. Betham Edwards.—M. Betham Edwards has here given to the public a series of reminiscences entertaining even to those who may know nothing of the author's personality. Her recollections are written with a freshness, frankness and verve which put the reader at once *en rapport* with the writer. Perhaps none of them is brighter than the reference to the way in which certain persons mixed up the identity of Amelia B. Edwards and M. Betham Edwards, as, for instance: "A musical composer sent A. B. E. a little poem copied from the pages of a magazine, begging permission to set it to music. Letter and song were sent on to me with the penciled words: 'This must be yours: I know nothing about it.' I returned them both, saying: 'Neither do I; ransack your memory.' Again the verses came back with words to this effect: 'Ransack your own,' and unable to identify the piece, it was forwarded to the composer. This gentleman, nothing daunted, betook himself to the British Museum, unearthed the original, and lo, and behold, to my surprise they bore my own signature." (George Redway, London.)

•

The Scholar and the State, by Henry Codman Potter, D. D., L.L. D. In the oration which gives the title to this book, Bishop Potter forcefully enunciates the principles which should govern the educated man in his relations with the State of which he is a citizen. He denounces the spoils system in our politics, points out the dangers to which our country is exposed, and vindicates the right of the State to the services of its scholars. Of no less weight and importance are the subjects which the author treats in the succeeding orations and addresses. Character in Statesmanship, The Scholar in American Life, and the Christian and the State are notable for scholarly handling, and one and all they breathe a high and manly tone. (The Century Company, New York.)

•

Charles Dickens, a Critical Study, by George Gissing.—Despite much said to the contrary, Dickens has still thousands of admirers, and, there seems every reason to believe, that the greatest of his novels will live on for many a year. It is hard, indeed, to imagine a time when David Copperfield, or Bleak House, or Dombey and Son will be buried in literary oblivion. And now as a sign of Dickens' vitality, George Gissing comes forward with an admirable study of the great author, who is put before us in a way which makes us understand him thoroughly, and incites us to read once more of the inimitable Mrs. Gamp, and Micawber, and all the rest of that immortal coterie. It is of Mrs. Gamp, by-the-way, that Mr. Gissing says, "Among all the names immortalized by Dickens, none is more widely familiar than that of Mrs. Gamp. It is universally admitted that in Mrs. Gamp we have a creation such as can be met with only in the greatest writers; a figure at once individual and typical; a marvel of humorous presentment; vital in the highest degree attainable by the art of fiction. From the day of her first appearance on the stage, Mrs. Gamp has been a delight, a wonder, a by-word. She stands unique." The great merit of Mr. Gissing's book is that it shows us the life which surrounded Dickens, and thus explains the conditions under which he wrote. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

•

Journalism for Women, a Practical Guide, by E. A. Bennett.—The sub-title of this bright little book is essentially appropriate, for the suggestions which the author makes for the benefit of would-be women journalists are practical, and therefore valuable. After pointing out that journalism is "an art—the art of lending to people and events intrinsically dull an interest which does not properly belong to them"—the writer touches upon the imperfections of the existing newspaper woman, which include a failure to recognize the business requirements and discipline of journalism, "inattention to detail," and a "lack of restraint" in writing. This criticism is followed by eight chapters of good advice and much sound information, wherein, among other things, are hints as to the cultivation of a clear style, the needs of editors and the choice of subjects for "copy," the "art of corresponding with an editor," and the great possibilities for woman in the field of endeavor represented by the daily or weekly periodical. In conclusion, it is urged anew that journalism is something more than a delightful game merely indulged in for pleasure. (John Lane & Co., New York.)

•

Tales from McClure's: War.—For the making of this little volume, seven veterans of the Civil War have drawn upon their fund of experience. Some stirring anecdotes of brave deeds which have come under his observation are told by Major-General Nelson A. Miles, and Captain Musgrove Davis contributes an amusing account of his first command, a raw regiment of Bowery boys, who led him a sad life until they had taken his measure. The Men in the Ranks, a sketch by Major Philips Douglas, though it only describes the character of the recruits of '61, might, with a change here and there, have been written of the volunteers of to-day. There is enough of the war-color and spirit in all these tales and sketches to give them a peculiar interest just now. (Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.)

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Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.—The Rubaiyat, with its half melancholy, half sensuous philosophy, its picturesque imagery and suggestions of flowers, springtime, and *dolce farniente* pleasure, received a new life and a wider audience when the lamented Fitzgerald put this Persian masterpiece into English verse. Omar Khayyam has been dead for nearly eight centuries, yet there is still freshness and exceeding beauty in his work, which found in Fitzgerald a translator who read the text sympathetically and knew how to preserve the spirit and rare poetic charm of the original. The Rubaiyat has, indeed, become what might be styled an English classic, despite its Oriental birth, and it is not surprising to find a new issue of the work, this time from the press of Thomas B. Mosher. The little volume is prettily printed, and as prettily bound, while in addition to the poem itself the reader finds sketches of Omar and Fitzgerald, and some interesting incidental matter. Such works should be encouraged. (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.)

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